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THE WRITINGS

OF

GEORGE POLLEN.

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CARLYLE.

A good motto for a twelfth-cake is more respectable than a villanous epic poem in twelve books.

SYDNEY SMITH.

NEW YORK:
1868.

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PREFACE.

The miscellaneous writings contained in this book have been collected and put in the present form as a memorial of the author of them; and are addressed to his relatives and friends, knowing full well that they could not, in future years, have a more acceptable *souvenir* of him whom they loved and lost, and of his doings while here on earth. The compiler is also impressed with the idea that the high moral tone which runs through these writings should not be lost sight of, especially by those who knew so well how to appreciate him when living, for his high standard of truthfulness and right in all his relations in life.

He had, it is true, many advantages in the improvement of his mind, which was becoming more and more developed as he advanced in years, until

the "subtle disease" which closed his career had taken such deep hold of him that he was obliged to suspend his literary pursuits for a time, in the hope that his physical infirmity would pass over. But, as unexpectedly to himself as to his near relatives, he was stricken down "in the twinkling of an eye," when in the prime of life.

We have, therefore, only to record his past efforts as a memento of his usefulness.

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BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR.

George Pollen was born in the city of New York, July 13, 1829. At an early age he was placed under tuition, and advanced rapidly in his studies. When in his twelfth year, he was put under the immediate guidance of the Rev. Dr. Hawks, where he remained for some considerable length of time, giving, as the Doctor often remarked, great promise of future usefulness by his aptness in the different branches of study then pursued, including Latin, Greek, and the French languages; as also a complete course in mathematics. Just at the time, however, when he was making such rapid progress under the admirable system of the Reverend Doctor, the school, St. Thomas' Hall, was given up, and the Doctor was called to another scene of action. George had then reached his fifteenth year.

The Rev. Isaac Peck was then about forming a small class, for the purpose of advancing young men

in the classics, in which it was thought advisable to include him. Mr. Peck being a very ripe scholar, and one of the first mathematicians of the day, was also in possession of a great deal of experience in the mental cultivation of young men. He continued in this class until approaching his seventeenth year, giving continued promise in the higher branches of study.

It was then thought proper, in order to give a wider scope to the unfolding of his mind, to complete his education by a collegiate course; he therefore entered Columbia College, and passing through the different classes, graduated in the Fall of 1849, in the 21st year of his age.

The following year (1850), he having chosen of his own accord, the profession of the law, he commenced that study with Messrs. George W. Strong & Co., and was admitted to the bar on the 11th of February, 1853.

Pending the period of his studies of the law, and subsequently, he spent some time in Europe, in travelling and in literary researches. Of all countries there, "Old England" was his delight, where, with his bosom friend (Jack), he surfeited on the rich literature of the country. He loved "Old England," as he would often remark, for her free government—for her glorious galaxy of profound writers—for her institutions—as the asylum of the oppressed of all nations—as the country of his ancestors.

He also spent some time in Paris, and among his

papers was found the following resolution, which shows the bent of his mind while there, viz. :

Resolved.—No longer to dally with my conscience, but to set to work in earnest, to read and study my Bible, to seek for the *truth*, and to allow no passion or feeling to interfere with its pursuit, and when found, to follow it to the best of my ability.

1. Rise every morning at 7.
2. To read at least three chapters in the Bible.
3. To study Natural Philosophy till 12.
4. From 12 to 2, walk, &c.
5. From 2 to 5, study French.
6. Every evening except two in the week to spend at home in reading, those two to go to "the Opera;" but no place of low amusement.

On his return home, literary pursuits being more congenial to his tastes than the practice of the law, he gave himself up to the former, as far as the indifferent state of his health would permit, for a considerable length of time.

But, after having spent some time solely in such pursuits, he felt as though he should have some employment more exacting to claim his attention; and he was induced to take an office, with a view of practising in his profession of the law, which he did in connection with one of his most esteemed collegiate companions, who now stands high in his profession, and bids fair to be one of the leading men of his day.

But this course not bringing that solace to his mind that he expected to derive from it, and feeling, after an effort of two years, that he was not fully calculated for the practice of the law, he went back to his literary pursuits, which he adhered to until a short period before he was summoned to another world, by disease of the heart, on the 20th of November, 1867.

From his boyhood up, he was always a great reader —a close student—ever in search of *truth;* and being of a genial and generous disposition, his sole aim was to make those around him happy. We need scarcely add he fully succeeded in doing so, with his ever flowing wit and vivacity, coming, as it did, from an open heart.

His reading was diverse, as he was always alive to novelties in literature, an ever living variety being kept up by the introduction of new works, the pursuit of them afforded him pleasing pastime during his leisure hours. Every new work that came under his observation, however obscure the author, seemed to claim his particular attention. In examining works of fiction, except such productions as "My Novel" and "Les Misérables," he seemed rather to gallop through than to read them, leaping, as it were, from page to page in quick succession; for, in print or manuscript, when the characters were legible, he would impress upon his mind the entire substance of a page almost at a glance, so quick were his immediate perceptions. A gentleman called on him one

evening with a note, requesting his opinion of its contents. He gave it merely a glance and returned it. "Why," said the gentleman, "will you please read it?" But he soon convinced his friend that he had the whole substance of it already in his mind.

The general character of his reading was essentially instructive, with a strong tendency toward religious and moral productions which, written as they were with so much earnestness, he took great interest in, particularly those of the early writers—Epictetus—Chrysostom—Thomas à Kempis. His common-place book abounds with extracts from their writings, of which we give below a few examples, inasmuch as he devoted a portion of his time

> To read—
> And con them o'er.

If you are fond of an earthen cup, consider it is but earthen ware, and you cannot be much troubled or surprised, whenever it happens to be broken. And if you be fond of a child or a wife, consider these are of human, that of a frail mortal nature, and thus your surprise and concern will be the less when death takes either of them away from you.

None but ignorant or undisciplined people tax others with their own misfortunes. The young proficient blames himself; but he who is a philosopher indeed, blames neither others nor himself.

Suffer not yourself to be exalted with any excellence

not properly your own. You will say, then, what is a man's own? I answer, a right use of one's ideas.

When the ravens croak, or any other ominous thing happens, let not any superstitious fancies disturb or affright you. Whatever disaster happens, you may, if you please, reap some very considerable advantage from it.

Behave yourself as becomes a man fully persuaded, that no external accident is any thing to you, and that nothing can possibly happen which may not, by good management, be converted to your advantage, though all the world should endeavor to obstruct it.

As sheep do not give up again the grass they have eaten to show how well they are fed, but prove the goodness of the pasture and their own case, by concocting their meals well, and bringing a large fleece, and giving large quantities of milk; so you must approve the excellence of your doctrine to the world, not by disputes and plausible harangues, but by digesting them into practice, and growing strong in virtue.

Remember that the world is a theatre, and that your part in the play of life is determined by the poet. Consider that the playing of the part assigned to you commendably, depends upon yourself. This is your business, but the giving out of the parts and choosing the actors, is not yours, but another person's.

If you resolve to make wisdom and virtue the study and business of your life, you must be sure to arm yourself beforehand against all the inconveniences and discouragements that are likely to attend the resolution.—Epictetus.

With all men we have many things in common. They partake of the same nature with ourselves; they inhabit the same earth; they are nourished by the same food; they have the same Lord; and they are called to the same blessings. Let us not then say that we have nothing in common with them. This were the voice of Satan, the enmity of the devil. Let us not utter such things, but rather let us show toward our brethren a becoming solicitude.

One man inspired with holy zeal sufficeth to amend an entire people.

Let us not sink under trials; for no one who is effeminate, or slothful, or remiss—no one who liveth a soft or dissolute life hath communion with Christ. But he who is in sorrows and temptations, and journeyeth the narrow path, is nigh unto Him. For He also went that same way, and therefore said, "The Son of man hath not where to lay His head."

God hath given us reason, that it might learn and receive the things imparted to it by God, not that, unaided, it should deem itself to be sufficient. The eyes are beautiful and useful; but if they desire to see without light, their beauty and power will injure and not avail them. Thus it is with human reason. If it should see without the Divine Spirit, it would stand in its own way.

He requireth us to fast, not for the sake of fasting only, but that we should withdraw ourselves from worldly affairs, and devote our thoughts to things spiritual.

What was it that rendered the Apostles so great? A disregard of wealth, a contempt of worldly distinction, a renunciation of the good things of this present life.

Pride alone sufficeth to corrupt every virtue of the soul, be it alms, or be it prayer, fasting, or aught besides; for that which is highly esteemed among men is abomination in the sight of God. Therefore it is not only fornication and adultery which pollute a man, but likewise, and much more than these, pride.

He best knoweth himself, who accounteth himself as nothing. On the other hand, he knoweth himself least, who is lifted up by pride.

But what is humility? It is to acknowledge our faults, when accused by others, and to bear their reviling; and even this is not humility, but candour.

The laws of this world draw distinctions between men, because they are made by men; but the law of our common Lord knoweth no such distinction, and dispenseth the same blessings equally to all.—Chrysostom.

Every man naturally desires to increase in knowledge; but what doth knowledge profit without the fear of the Lord? Better is the humble peasant that serveth God, than the proud philosopher who, destitute of the knowledge of himself, can describe the course of the planets.

Here thou art called to a life of subjection, labor, and patience; not of dominion, idleness, and amusement.

Gird thy loins like a valiant man, and be continually watchful against the malicious stratagems of the devil. Bridle the appetite of gluttony, and thou wilt with less difficulty restrain all other inordinate desires of animal nature. Never suffer the invaluable moments of thy life to steal by unimproved, and leave thee in idleness and

vacancy; but be always either reading, or writing, or praying, or meditating, or employed in some useful labor for the common good.

Our sensual appetites continually prompt us to range abroad in search of continual gratification; but when the hour of wandering is over, what do we bring home but remorse of conscience, and weariness and dissipation of spirit? A joyful going out is often succeeded by a sad return; and a merry evening brings forth a sorrowful morning. Thus all carnal joy enters delightfully, but, ere it departs, bites and kills.

There is no true liberty, nor any solid joy but in the fear of God, united with a pure conscience.

When it is morning, think that thou mayest not live till evening; and in the evening, presume not to promise thyself another morning. Be therefore always ready; and so live, that death may not find thee confounded at its summons.

Simplicity and purity are the two wings with which man soars above the earth and all temporary nature.

A pure conscience is the ground of perpetual exultation: it will support a man under the severest trials, and enable him to rejoice in the depths of adversity: but an evil conscience, in every state of life, is full of disquietude and fear. Thou wilt always enjoy tranquillity, if thy heart condemn thee not.

To suffer is thy portion, and to suffer patiently and willingly is the great testimony of thy love and allegiance to thy Lord.

When, therefore, we have read all books, and examined

all methods to find out the path that will lead us back to the blessed state from which we have wandered, this conclusion only will remain:

"That through much tribulation we must enter into the kingdom of God."—THOMAS Á KEMPIS.

Would we know ourselves, we must consider ourselves as creatures, as Christians, and as men; and remember the obligations, which, as such, we are under to God, to Christ, and our fellow-men, in the several relations in which we stand to them, in order to maintain the propriety, and fulfil the duties of those relations.

A man can never rightly know himself, unless he examine into his knowledge of other things.

We must consider then the knowledge we have; and whether we do not set too high a price upon it, and too great a value upon ourselves on the account of it; of what real use it is to us, and what effect it hath upon us; whether it does not make us too stiff, unsociable, and assuming; testy and supercilious, and ready to despise others for their supposed ignorance. If so, our knowledge, be what it will, does us more harm than good. Such a temper, with all our knowledge, shows that we know not ourselves.

The outward actions of a man are generally the plainest index of his inward dispositions; and by the allowed sins of his life, you may know the reigning vices of his mind. Is he addicted to luxury and debauch? sensuality then appears to be his prevailing taste. Is he given to revenge and cruelty? choler and malice then reign in his

heart. Is he confident, bold, and enterprising? ambition appears to be the secret spring. Is he sly and designing, given to intrigue and artifice? you may conclude there is a natural subtlety of temper that prompts him to this. And this secret disposition is criminal, in proportion to the degree in which these outward actions, which spring from it, transgress the bounds of reason and virtue.—Mason.

It will be seen by the article entitled "My Subjects," or books personified, that Epictetus, Thomas à Kempis, and Mason were named as his "privy-councillors," and, with St. Chrysostom, flourished at different periods from the 2d to the 18th centuries. From the soundness of their precepts, it appears that consistent ideas were inculcated in the different stages of the Christian era, in which they figured, in regard to moral and religious duties; as no person can be strictly religious under "the Christian dispensation" without being a model of morality; for it is well known that, unless he perform his full duty toward his fellow-man, he cannot be faultless as a member of the Christian faith.

The precepts, then, of those writers, may well be adopted as a guide of conduct through life; and in their writings they may be discreetly considered as one's privy-councillors, by those who seek to be governed by such sound doctrine as they propounded. In regard to self-knowledge, doubtless no one has ever written more clearly on the great maxim, "Know thyself," than the Rev. John Mason.

The following lines, entitled "Death of My Mother," were found in his private desk after his decease, where they had lain over twenty-two years, unseen by others than himself—a concealment which was akin to his natural modesty in avoiding publications in his own name. They were dated May 16th, 1845—then in his sixteenth year.

Two days! two sorrowing days have passed!
Since my dear mother's death took place,
And now she's gone from me at last,
And never more I'll see her face.

Sad was the night on which she died,
When round her dying bed we stood,
We looked upon her as we cried,
And as she told us to be good.

To her I fled from all my cares;
She shared with me my sorrows all,
And plucked from my young soul, the tares
Which with the wheat had grown withal.

Now to no mother can I flee,
Now I must suffer them alone,
Though sympathizing friends there be
Like my dear mother, I have none.

But now no sorrow does she know,
From this deceitful world she's passed,
In the cold grave her body's low,
But her soul soars on high at last.

We close this memoir by an abstract from an article, written by a friend on the occasion of his death, as follows:

Death is always terrible, but when it comes in life's maturity to those for whom we might naturally expect years of usefulness; whose early talents promised great things in the future, it is doubly terrible. So it was with him, the notice of whose decease now appears in the obituary list.

Educated in the best schools, * * * familiar with all modern literature, having himself taken his first steps in that path with a success which promised better things, * * * what might not have been expected of him?

But in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, he was stricken down by one of those subtle affections of the heart which defy the foresight and the power of medicine.

Generous, kind-hearted, beloved by all, and—dead.

WRITINGS

OF

GEORGE POLLEN.

HUMAN LIFE.

An aged sire stood in lofty height
Upon the plain of life. Two lovely youths,
In the full prime of health and joy, clasped each
His hand, while he in tones of sadness spoke
Of the dread sorrows in their path through life;
With heartfelt wishes for their welfare, told
What were the means and what way their path
They should pursue. The two, attentive, listened
As he spoke; but one hung, as it were,
Upon his very words, and as the bee
He wisely stored them up for future use.
Th' other, more like the fickle fly, alighted
On the sweets, and quaffed his fill, but thought
Not of the future, while ever and anon,
Leaving his guardian's hand, he sported with
The pleasures on the road, and in the scenes
Of present joy, lost sight of all the future.
It was a scene of strange and fearful wonder;

Upon each side stretched prospects of the future.
On this, high cragged rocks and mountain-heights
Aspired to the sky, while on them lowered
Dark threat'ning clouds, and seemed to stop the way;
On that, a level, fertile plain, o'er which
The golden clouds hung in encircling beauty,
And scattered gleams of yellow light inviting
All who saw.
There were but these two scenes.
The sire with his sons stood on the verge
Of each, and the two boys hung, as it were,
Between the two. The aged man pointed
With upraised arm towards those lofty rocks,
As if the emblem of all noble thought.
The other lowered on the fairer scene,
As if the death of innocence and peace.
The youth, attentive, raised his eager eye,
And looked to heaven, while the careless boy
Tasted, unthinking, the fair fruit, and now
Draws back, seeing his sire's agonizing
Look, then plunges forward towards the fields,
And soon is lost to view. The former, with an
Upraised lofty look, taking the dark
And misty path, now girds him for the fight,
And with wise counsels and good thoughts encouraged,
Goes his way. And now he's on the road,
High, noble thoughts are with him, and he seems
Determined on to brave his way.
But, ah!
Brave youth, wilt thou go onward still, unknowing

All that lurks beneath thy tread? The way
Is steep, but it is *up;* the rocks are sharp
And pierce thy tender feet, but 'tis the pain
Of self-denying hope. Waters and torrents
Rush upon thee, 'tis but to cleanse from sin.
Gay and bright fields are looming in the distance,
'Tis thy constancy to try. Alas!
The way is hard; alas! the flesh is weak;
And canst thou dare it all? Thou canst, thou darest,
And onward go, triumphing o'er thy foes.
Though bitter be the cup, still it's the only
One that is a remedy for thee. And
Thou, O foolish youth! that hast the bright
And easy path pursued, where art thou now?
I see thee mingling in the giddy dance,
And lost to all save present sense, the death
Of future joy. I see thee madly clasp
The cup whose ruddy stream but maddens more.
O wretched one! gulfed in such base delight,
What seest thou? In the dark distance floats
Satiety, for thou wilt be its victim.
Who sits enthroned within that lofty dome?
A King in purple, with a golden crown.
Who sits enthroned within thy breast, O King,
That now, thy crown and purple laid aside,
In agony thou writhest? They're twins
Who rule thee thus, called sin and discontent.
Who is this humble pilgrim now draws near,
With nought upon his brow save grimy sweat,
Produced by toil, yet through it shines content

And peace of mind, jewels of truest water?
His toilsome pilgrimage draws near its end.
For many a long and weary day he toiled,
Striving to reach the goal of future peace;
And now, humble in station though he be,
He's found true peace with true humility.

MR. PADCORN'S FIRST PARTY.

SCENE FIRST.

The third story front room of a Fifth avenue palace; Padcorn, surrounded by stiff young men, all shirt-collars and hair, putting on white gloves, and staring at every new comer who entered the room. Padcorn follows their example, and, to his astonishment, notices that human beings, who enter looking like clam-boys, are transformed in about two minutes into elegant men of stiff leisure, in beautiful boots and white gloves, smiling and beneficent. He goes down-stairs in a sort of dream, enters the parlor, and, immediately stunned by the confused chattering on all sides, his remaining senses take flight; finds himself mechanically following others' lead, and wading through a combination of hemispheres, out of the top of which arise the forms of women from the waist upwards. Had heard before of mermaids—

half woman, half fish—but never of hemispherical females. At length, brought to a full stop by a gentleman, whose lead he follows, stopping and saying a few words to a hemisphere-woman, he passes on, and Padcorn, in his turn, finds himself in front of the portentous object, mechanically utters a few words, but not being heard, attempts to get within speaking distance; but repelled by the hemisphere, and which he now discovers is bound around with a series of hard ridges, as his shins abundantly testify on subsequent examinations, being unable to speak to the lady, is obliged to content himself with making telegraphic signals, and nodding his head gravely and mysteriously. Then passing on, he finds himself adrift in a sea of hemispheres, and experiences constant and indefinable longings to go up-stairs—indulges in painful retrospection, and goes through a mental catechism.

Query.—Padcorn! what are you doing here?

Padcorn.—Standing on my pins, and looking around.

Query.—Why did you come here?

Padcorn.—I don't know, I'm sure. I received a card, on which was printed, in beautiful italics, "*Mrs. Shaw, At Home;*" and beneath, in Roman letters, "Wednesday night, January 13th, 1856." Why Mrs. Shaw should have taken the trouble to have this important information, that she was "at home on Wednesday, January 13th, 1856," printed on a card, and then sent to me, was a mystery. I

thought it exceedingly kind of her to let me know this fact, but nevertheless couldn't explain it, until a friend fortunately solved it for me in the following expressive words: "Why, you stupid fellow, you're invited to a party, and must go." And so here I am (*pinching himself*); at least, I believe I'm here.

QUERY.—Well, what are you going to do?

PADCORN.—I don't know—stand and look on, I suppose, and wish I was home.

QUERY.—But why don't you do as the rest do—talk?

PADCORN.—Come, now, that's all nonsense. In the first place, nobody can hear me in such a noise; and, in the second place, I've got nobody to talk to.

(Just then the soliloquy was interrupted by a man with a white ribbon on his coat, who came up, and said, "Oh, Mr.-er-er—what did you say your name was?")

PADCORN.—I didn't say any thing; but my name, sir, is Padcorn, and I'd like to know what the d—l you mean by asking such a question?

WHITE RIBBON.—I beg your pardon, sir; don't say d—l so loud; but allow me to introduce you to some of the young ladies.

PADCORN (*mollified*).—Oh, my dear sir, I beg *your* pardon! Certainly, sir—should be most happy.

WHITE RIBBON.—Miss Pork, allow me—Mr. Padcorn. (*All three bow, and man in white ribbon disappears.*)

Miss Pork.—Have you been very gay this winter?

Padcorn.—No, I can't say I have. I don't think I ever was very gay; I've never seen any thing yet to be gay about. (*Undertone.*)—I wonder what she means!

Miss Pork (*flirting her fan about*).—Oh, you strange creature you! (*Undertone.*)—I wonder what he means!

Padcorn.—Yes, I suppose I am, and this is a strange place for me. In fact, I never was at a party before to-night—(*undertone*)—and I'll never be again. I wonder what makes her fiddle about so—I wish she'd keep still!

Miss Pork.—He! he! he! What! do you mean to say you've never been to a party before—but you dance, I suppose?

Padcorn (*indignant at her hilarity*).—No, I do not; I never took a dancing-lesson in my life.

Miss Pork (*losing her breath*).—Oh—what—never—danced—oh—I shall faint!

Padcorn (*alarmed*).—What shall I do? Where shall I go? You want air. Oh, please don't faint. You can't lie down, you know, in these hemispheres.

Miss Pork.—Oh, no, it's nothing; but you terrified me. Don't you polk, really?

Padcorn (*undertone*).—"Poke!" I wonder what the d—l she means! (*Aloud.*)—Poke! no, I never poke.

Miss Pork.—What! you have never known the delights of the polka?

PADCORN (*undertone*). — "The delights of the poker!" She's mad — mad as a March hare. (*Aloud.*)—No; my servant has charge of that department, and it never struck me that he was very much delighted about it.

MISS PORK (*not hearing him, but apparently absorbed in pleasant dreams—murmuring*).—Oh, the dear polka! the delightful polka! the charming polka! (*The music strikes up.*) Oh, there's to be a dance. What is it? Listen!—a quadrille! Well, you can dance that; you have only to do as the others do. Come; we must get a *vis-à-vis*.

PADCORN (*terribly frightened*).—But I assure you, Miss, I never danced in my life.

MISS PORK.—Yes; but this is a quadrille—you only *walk* in this, and do as the others do.

SCENE SECOND.

[A quadrille; dancers in their places; Padcorn and Miss Pork together; Padcorn sees a column advancing towards him; wishes to beat a rapid retreat, but Miss Pork seizes his hand, and both advance towards the column. He goes through a series of evolutions, and at length finds himself, in a dreadful perspiration, back in his former position. At "the right hand across," Padcorn advances to meet the coming gentleman, who holds out his hand,

which Padcorn cordially shakes, and next finds the opposite lady's left hand extended, which he also shakes very cordially, and finally tells Miss Pork that "they ought to call that a shake-hand all round." The quadrille breaks up, and Padcorn is delighted with himself and Miss Pork. And now the polka commences. Padcorn and Miss Pork look on. To his virtuous astonishment and indignation, he sees a man, in the garb of a gentleman, before all the guests, deliberately put his arm around a lady's waist, who, so far from resenting it, lovingly places one of her own hands on his shoulder, while with the other she clasps the gentleman's left hand, and then both whirl around the room together. Before he can give vent to his feelings, several others follow suit, until, finding it universal, Padcorn himself becomes infected with the bad example, and places his arm (as he had seen the others do) around Miss Pork's waist, who indignantly repels him, and says, "Why, Mr. Padcorn, what do you mean, sir?"]

PADCORN.—I was only doing as you said a little while ago—"Do as the others do."

MISS PORK.—Yes, sir; but this is very improper conduct. *They* are dancing, and *we* are not.

PADCORN.—But if I knew how to dance, would you go out with me in the middle of the room, and let me put my arm around your waist?

MISS PORK (*delighted*).—Oh, yes! you *do*, then, *really* dance! How charming! Let us go instantly.

Padcorn (*severely*).—Miss Pork, I do not dance. But do you mean to tell me that to put my arm around your waist here, where but very few people would see us, is more improper than to do so out there, where the whole world is the spectator, and there make teetotums of ourselves till we both seem but one object whirling around through space?

(Here an apparent combination of hair and neckties interrupted the conversation, by asking Miss Pork if he can have the pleasure of polking with her; who drops a curtsey to Mr. Padcorn, and is next seen whirling around in answer to the last question.)

(Padcorn, much recruited by supper, feels ready for any thing; cordially accosts an old friend whom he sees standing absorbed in deep thought, but receives, to his astonishment, a very cold and constrained reply, and the next moment finds himself alone in the centre of the room, having been disgracefully "cut" by his old friend. Forgives him afterwards, however, on seeing him engaged in what he finds, on inquiry, to be the "German cotillon." The party finally breaks up, and Padcorn, in some unaccountable way, reaches home. Wakes up in the morning with a dreadful headache, and firmly resolves that his first party shall also be his last.)

MR. PADCORN'S PARTY-CALL.

SCENE FIRST.

Mr. Padcorn "laying off" in a big arm-chair, as easy as possible, utterly regardless of the Graces. He is in dressing-gown and slippers, and is smoking, and reading Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy." A cheerful fire is blazing in the grate; a luxurious warmth pervades the room, which is hung with pictures, and filled with books scattered about in all directions. Padcorn lowers his book, and, conscious of comfortable feelings, reflects with complacency on the contrast between his "at home" and Mrs. Shaw's idea of the same, and no longer wonders at hers having been announced in italics. Is aroused from his reverie by a knock at the door.

Padcorn (*in the full, rich tone of luxurious comfort*).—Come in!

(Enter Mr. Tidd, one of his new acquaintances made

at the late party, and who is "got up" as regardless of expense, and as subservient to the Graces, as Padcorn is directly the opposite.)

TIDD.—Well, Pad, my boy, how are you? Taking it easy, eh! That's right. Tidd, take a chair. Thank you! (*At the same time gliding into one with negligent grace.*)

PADCORN (*one third astonished, one third indignant, and remaining one third amused at his assurance*).—Will you have a cigar, Mr. Tidd?

TIDD.—I! Oh, no; I haven't got my smoking-coat on. I have a complete smoking-suit, and never smoke except when dressed for the occasion. What've you got there? Burton's "Anatomy." Studying medicine, my dear boy? Fine study, that, of human form; but can't stop to talk about it. By-the-by, when are you going to make that party-call?

PADCORN (*very much mixed*). — Party! What party? Make them call?—what for?—how?—when? What are you talking about?

TIDD.—Why, that party, you know (*yawns*)—you know what I mean; that party—what's her name?

PADCORN.—That party Watsernaim! I don't know any. such party.

TIDD.—Yes, yes; where we went the other night. I can't remember her name, d—n it! (*Padcorn looks at him bewildered.*) Haven't you got any memory either? Pshaw, what is her name? Hallo! that's it—Shaw! that's the name. (*Heaves a long breath of relief.*)

PADCORN (*connecting the name of Shaw with "party," begins to have a lucid interval*).—Yes, Mrs. Shaw gave a party. (*Light continuing to break in.*) Why, you don't mean to say that I'm to make that party call on me?

TIDD (*in turn bewildered*).—How do you mean, "call on you?"—How the d—l can you make a "party-call" on you?—Oh, I begin to see! you're joking, old fellow. Ha! ha! very good!

PADCORN.—But I tell you I'm not joking. I don't know what you're talking about.

TIDD.—You went to Mrs. Shaw's party?

PADCORN.—Yes!

TIDD.—Well, you know, of course, that it's customary, when one goes to a party, to make a call on those who gave it, about a week or so afterwards, and make what's called a "party-call."

PADCORN.—No, I don't. (*Aghast.*)—Why, you don't mean to say that I've got to go there again?

TIDD.—To be sure I do. There are some who never make "party-calls," but you see they're *outré;* they're trying to set the fashion of being impolite; but "our set" won't allow of that, and we've got to wait till we get a peg higher in the social system before we can come that game.

PADCORN.—And so we must be *comme il faut.*

TIDD.—Just so; but come, now, get ready and go with me to-night.

PADCORN (*with returning sensation of horror*).—What! to-night? Oh, no; I must think about it.

TIDD.—Why, how long do you want?

PADCORN.—Oh, about a week!

TIDD.—Nonsense, my boy! Go and dress yourself —there's a good fellow!—and we'll go together this evening. You might as well do it at once, and there'll be an end of it. (Padcorn is finally persuaded, and disappears into his bedroom. Tidd makes himself comfortable in the arm-chair, says "Queer boy, that!" yawns, and at length falls asleep. At the end of an hour Padcorn reappears, and wakes up Tidd, who is astonished at seeing him muffled up in a shawl and in a cap.) Why, my boy, what a rig! One would think that you were going to a party.

PADCORN.—Well, it's a party-call, you know, and I thought I ought to do as the rest do, and make a clam-boy out of myself.

TIDD.—Well, it's night, and nobody'll see you; besides, you'll take them off when you get there.

SCENE SECOND.

(Tingle-ling-a-ling. Door opens, and Padcorn rushes up-stairs; Tidd, astonished, sends waiter up for him, and Padcorn soon returns again.)

TIDD.—Why, what are you about? You'll be kicked out, if you don't mind. What did you go up-stairs for? One would have thought there were forty-seven devils after you.

PADCORN.—What should I go up for, but to the dressing-room, of course?

TIDD.—Why, man, this isn't a party! Dressing-room? Here, take off your shawl and cap. (*Pad unfolds.*) Heavens and earth! why, you're in white cravat and full-dress!

PADCORN.—Of course I am. If there is so much ceremony at an "at home," what must there be at a party-call?

TIDD.—Well, it's too late now; tell them you're going to a party—quick! the waiter's beginning to look as if he thought we were both mad. (*Turns to waiter.*)—Tell the ladies, "Mr. Padcorn and Mr. Tidd."

(Shortly after, *enter* Miss Shaw and Miss Eliza Shaw—bows and curtseys. Tidd, with wonderful self-possession, immediately commences lively and agreeable conversation. Padcorn, in a state of semi-stupefaction, alternated by faint gleams of intelligence, ultimately finds himself seated, how or when he can't remember.)

MISS SHAW.—I hope you enjoyed yourself the other evening, Mr. Padcorn.

PADCORN.—Oh, very much, I assure you! (*Undertone.*)—What a dreadful lie!

MISS SHAW (*noticing his full-dress*).—You are very gay this winter, I suppose.

PADCORN (*undertone*).—There it is—"gay" again. (*Aloud, and attempting Mr. Tidd's enviable vivacity,*

which he has been quietly noticing.)—Oh, yes; extremely so—constantly on the go.

Miss Shaw.—Who gives a party to-night?

Padcorn.—Oh, Miss-er-er-er. Dear me, I have such a poor memory for names—out so constantly, I declare I never can remember names. Miss-er-er—oh, Boggs! (*Undertone.*)—Lie No. 2. I wonder if she knows Boggs?

Miss Shaw.—Why, I thought Miss Boggs was in mourning.

Padcorn.—Oh, not that Miss Boggs; the other one. Are you fond of reading?

Miss Shaw.—Oh, distractedly! Have you read "Helen Leeson?"

Padcorn.—Yes, I've looked it over. (*Undertone.*) —Never read it.

Miss Shaw—Delightful, charming book, is it not?

Padcorn.—Oh, yes — exquisite! (*Undertone.*) — Great Heavens, what am I coming to!

Miss Shaw.—Did you notice that over-dressed Miss Slogget the other evening—such shockingly bad taste! (Then follows such a list of other vituperations, against others of the fair sex, that Pad is completely overwhelmed, and is only aroused from the stupid astonishment into which he had fallen by Mr. Tidd's rising and bidding the ladies "good evening." Padcorn only too readily follows his example.)

TIDD.—What a charming girl that Miss Eliza is?—so much spirit and wit, such vivacity!

PADCORN.—I can't say the same for Miss Shaw. Such vituperation I never heard in all my life before.

TIDD.—Why, what do you mean by vituperation?

PADCORN.—Making ill-natured remarks about others, picking them to pieces, noting every flaw, real or imagined, in their composition, and pointing it out to you.

TIDD.—Ah, Pad, you're a queer boy. Why, that's the *crème* of conversation; that's where Miss Eliza excels—so witty, so sarcastic! Oh, she is angelic!

PADCORN.—And do you mean to say that is the staple of conversation at "party-calls?"

TIDD.—To be sure. What else is there to talk about? You wouldn't have them sit like sticks, speaking of nothing but the weather, and then sinking into stupidity?

PADCORN (*severely indignant*).—No; but I would have them cultivate their minds—study to become good wives and good mothers—foster refinement of feeling; and if they must speak of others, instead of depreciating them as much as is in their power, to dwell rather on their good qualities.

TIDD.—Come, now, Pad, you're getting too deep for me; so, good night!

PADCORN.—Well, good night; and may Heaven

preserve me for the future from two of the sins of civilized society—parties and party-calls. To think of marrying one of the Misses Shaw! (*Padcorn disappears in shudders.*)

A LADY'S HAT.

WALKER says, "A hat is a cover for the head;" as if a man had a lid like a saucepan or a teapot. The fact is, the definition is not a good one, and gives no idea whatever of a hat. The human hair is a cover for the head; but no one would venture to say that the human hair is a hat, at least in literal language; metaphorically it may be, but Walker is confined to the province of literal definitions; and though a hat is "a cover for the head," still the definition does not cover the whole ground. With equal reason it might apply to the bandbox which contained the hat; for what is there in the definition to prevent me from clapping the bandbox on my head, extinguishing all my perceptive faculties, and then gurgling forth in smothered accents to an astonished crowd, that I had my hat on?—yet, would that crowd be convinced it was a hat? The authority of Walker would undoubtedly sink in the estimation of any enlightened public to whom such an appeal should be made.

What, then, is a hat? What, but—an artificial cover intended expressly for the human head; and though organ-grinders do sometimes put hats on monkeys' heads, such use of them is but the exception, and an utter distortion of the original purpose for which hats were intended. As for its gender, the male hat is one of the most unnatural works of man, constructed in the shape of a stove-pipe; and he who invented it deserves to have it knocked over his eyes, and have his daguerreotype, with all the modern improvements, taken, and then exhibited in the Broadway show-cases. What greater punishment can be inflicted on man than to expose him to the gaze of the world, as he looks in daguerreotype, in phototype, in ambrotype, and in lamprotype?

But the female hat is eminently a work of art, while the gaudy structure which adorns the *lady's* head is more than a hat; the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms all contribute to its construction; while even human imagination is taxed to invent new forms for it, and Taste and Fancy are enlisted in the arrangement of its various decorations.

The framework of the lady's hat is most commonly of wire, furnished by the mineral kingdom. The stomach of the silk worm produces the usual material which covers this framework, and is also the origin of the ribbons that go to decorate it. The flax-plant supplies the lace, as well as the linen out of which are stamped the flowers that adorn it. The

bird of Paradise, that famous bird, once fabled to have derived its only nourishment from the dew and the nectar and odor of flowers, which dwelt constantly in the air, "wafted about in the bright beams of the sun, independent of the ordinary mechanism of wings," even that wonderful bird adds its tail to the general contribution; while the ostrich, largest of birds, sends those curious productions of the winged tribe, called feathers, "every one of which," according to Paley, "is a mechanical wonder."

A lady's hat! What scenes does it not conjure up before the astonished gaze! As one regards it, he sees in imagination the tail of the bird of Paradise, once more appended to its original possessor, and fluttering in the soft air of the Moluccas; he sees the ostrich feathers restored to their legitimate owner, and scouring over the sandy deserts of Africa; he sees the silk-worm rolling itself up in the cocoon which it weaves from its own stomach, while the cotton-plant and the flax-plant are germinating under the warm rays of the sun, all unconscious of the glorious destiny that awaits them—of adorning the head of a woman. Oh, woman, woman! not satisfied with your own native charms, you must levy contributions on the mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms, to feed your insatiate vanity!

A WAILING AT SEA.

It was a night as black as pitch,
No star shone in the cloudy sky;
The human race, both poor and rich,
Of going out felt awful shy.

The troubled sea tossed, to and fro,
The ship with mariners therein;
The men in row-boats hard did row,
Until they broke every thole-pin.

And then they lay upon their oars,
And looked around both far and near,
While sweat poured forth from each one's pores,
And all did shake with trembling fear.

For now a whale of monstrous size
Hove, with his water-spouts, in view,
And as they watched him with their eyes,
These men the cud of thought did chew.

"Whence comes this monster big and grim?
What does he here this stormy night?
He might have known we don't want him;
We're not a-waiting for a bite."

No answer then the monster gave,
But bounced along with all his speed,
Engulfed them in his bulky cave,
Like some cart-horse who bolts his feed.

There, in that gloomy, drear abode,
These men their roomy lodgings took,
While on the whale went with his load,
Down aqueous hills to find a cook.

The whale went on, the men did too;
He pompously began to spout,
Annoying much the sucked-in crew,
Who wanted greatly to get out.

But no! the door was closed on all
Who ever entered in that place;
The whale's skin was their funeral pall,
His bones became their coffin-case.

For ten long days these men had spent
In darkest gloom, a dreary night,
And yet had found no place of vent,
But every place was water-tight.

At length despair sat on their brows;
They swore, and tore their matted hair,
And kicked up awfully big rows,
But Whaley didn't seem to care.

One night, a man rampaging round
Fell down into an unseen hole,
And as he fell, a splashing sound
Brought life unto his gloomy soul.

His feet felt wet, his trowsers damp;
He seemed to be a-going down;
First went his knees, and then his thighs,
And these were followed by his crown.

Afloat upon the briny wave,
For many an hour he swam about,
Until a friendly ship, to save
Him, sailed near by, and picked him out.

He lived not long, but soon did die;
He lived to tell his horrid tale;
That done, he heaved a long-drawn sigh,
And then fell dead—'twas his last wail.

The above frightful legend of the sea is an "owre true tale." It is no fish-story merely, though it may be said to have an affinity to the finny tribe. It may

be called cetaceous, and indeed mendacious also, the latter word being derived (as it is) from "men," human male beings, and "dacious," from dace, a fish; or it might be called au-dacious, as it inspires considerable awe. Perhaps, on the whole, you'd better call it an audaciously mendacious cetaceous story, and then you'll be sure to get it right. The tale itself—not the whale's, but the tale of the whale—is undoubtedly true, "owre true," for it must be allowed by every one that like begets like, and whales produce *wails.*

SCENE IN A COURT-ROOM,

Where examinations for admission to the bar are going on:

EXAMINER.—"Mr. ———, what is Law?"

STARTLED STUDENT (*striving to collect scattered faculties*).—"Law? Law, sir, *is*—(*undertone*)—I wonder what the devil law is! Law is—did you ask, sir, what law is?"

EXAMINER (*getting crusty*).—"Yes, sir."

STARTLED STUDENT (*getting wild*).—"Law, sir, is—is—is—it's a rule, sir, of civil conduct, prescribed by municipal regulations."

EXAMINER.—"What?"

STARTLED STUDENT (*in agony, and becoming desperate*).—"A rule, sir—oh! I'm sure I don't know what it is."

EXAMINER (*solemnly*).—"What are treaties?"

STARTLED STUDENT.—"A treatise, sir, is a book—

it's judicial reports—I mean reports of judicial decisions, collected together, and forming what is called unwritten, or common law."

EXAMINER.—"*A what?*"

STARTLED STUDENT.—"A book, sir! A book, sir, is a collection of leaves of printed paper, sewed together, and, when pasted to a thick cover, it is called 'bound,' and when it has only a paper cover, it is denominated a pamphlet, sir."

EXAMINER.—"Do you intend to say, sir, that *treaties* are books?"

STARTLED STUDENT.—"Treatises—you mean treatises, sir; yes, sir, treatises are books—(*a light dawns on bewildered mind*)—oh! you mean *treaty*—treaty spelt with a '*y*,' not with '*ise*.' Oh! yes, sir, a *treaty's* a different affair. A treaty, sir, refers to the law of nations; or rather, sir, it's got something to do with the law of nations and war; that is to say, when the law of nations is at war, then the treaty don't come in; but when there's peace, treaties generally ensue."

EXAMINER (*sternly*).—"What is a summons, sir?"

STARTLED STUDENT (*feeling hopeful*).—"Oh! yes, sir; a summons is subscribed by the plaintiff and directed to the defendant, and requiring an answer thereof within twenty days, or else to be barred thereby, and liable on said contingency to have judgment entered up against him."

EXAMINER.—"What is a complaint?"

STARTLED STUDENT (*more encouraged*).—"A com-

plaint, sir, is a statement of facts; the name of the court is put at the top of the page and a line drawn under it; and then you write the name of the county, and then draw a line again; and then there are two or more names, frequently more, generally put with a flourish on one side and two letters, '*vs.*,' between them; but I never knew what '*vs.*' meant. I suppose, however, it's a mere form, and is probably used in the case of a formal complaint."

Examiner.—"How, sir, would you commence an action in a court of law?"

Student (*radiant*).—"Oh! sir, I would first serve a summons on the sheriff, by leaving a copy with him, and making an affidavit that he was the individual known and described therein, and that I knew the same to be the same, and requiring him to hold and execute the same by demanding a delivery of the property; and in case it was shut up in an enclosure, if there wasn't any person inside, or the property wasn't delivered up forthwith, then straightway to demolish said enclosure, and seize the same, and allow him the privilege of calling in the '*posse comitatus*,' although those words always 'knocked me,' and I don't know to this day what they mean!"

Examiner.—"That'll do, sir!"

RECIPE

FOR MAKING LAW COMMENTARIES.

(*Lately discovered among the papers of a defunct lawyer who flourished towards the latter part of the eighteenth century.*)

Yt behooveth ye person yt intendeth to compose Commentaries, or Elucidations of ye lawe, for ye instruction and edification of ye youthe studieing ye lawe, to make ye saide Commentaries as involved in ye darkness of ambiguitie as is possible for ye mind of ye saide composer to effect.

Ye Commentator shulde first state ye heade of ye subject in plaine terms, so as thereby to lead ye unsophisticated student to ye flattering and beguiling hope that ye heade will straightway be explained and elucidated, and then underneathe ye said heade to so arrange and classifie his wordes that they may showe

some *slighte* reference to y^{e} heade, in order y^{t} y^{e} student may not thinke y^{e} Commentator utterlie lieth. Thus much being done, there alone remaineth for y^{e} Commentator to cram in, under each heade, sufficient of matter as in y^{e} end to cover a sufficient quantitie of paper to make a worke of four or more volumes of gigantic size.

This will have y^{e} double effect of giving unto y^{e} student a proper and sufficient idea of y^{e} magnitude and importance of y^{e} lawe, and at y^{e} same time fill y^{e} pockets of y^{e} Commentator, and place him at y^{e} top of his profession, and among y^{e} wealthie men of y^{e} place.

NEW READINGS.

NUMBER I.

Oh, young Lochinvar has come out of the West,
With a row of brass buttons sewed on his vest,
And, save a big stick, he weapon had none—
With naught in his pocket but one penny bun;
So faithful in love, but a stomach so sore,
There ne'er was a lover like young Lochinvar.

He stayed not for breakfast, he stopped not for stone,
But he ran all the way, barefooted, alone;
Yet, ere he climbed over his girl's father's gate,
His girl was another's, and he was too late;
For a bumpkin in love and a booby at core,
Was to carry off Sally from young Lochinvar.

Having climbed o'er the gate, he went up to the door,
Where stood his girl's father, and two dozen more;

He tapped the old man on his bent shoulder-blade,
And said, "To your Sally, love, long since I made."
Her father turned round: "Don't come here any more,
Or I'll darken your daylight, you young Lochinvar!"

"I long wooed your Sally, my suit you denied;
This suit's also tattered, and I've but one beside;
And so I just came once more to drink tea
With Sally, my darling, and have one more spree;
For I know other girls, more faithful by far,
Who would like to get married to me, Lochinvar."

They had a gay dance, and they had quite a "spree;"
They ate johnny-cakes, and then they drank tea;
The bridegroom was eating, and all were quite merry,
When Sally threw at him a great big blackberry;
It squashed in his eye, he saw a large star,
And Sal made for the wood-house with young Lochinvar.

There was mounting of chairs 'mong the Joneses and Browns;
There was fighting, and scuffling, and tumbling-downs,
Tommy Smith and Jim Foster rushed out in the yard,
They ran very fast, and they ran very hard;
They got out of breath, but though they ran far,
They never caught up to the young Lochinvar.

NUMBER II.

As I sat, one midnight dreary,
Quite knocked up and deuced weary,
Thinking of my Sal, the daughter
Of the butcher, now no more;
As I, sitting, pondered, thinking,
Wishing that I'd left off drinking,
For I now quite fast was sinking,
Sinking down upon the floor,
"'Tis the drink," I slowly muttered,
"Makes me sink down to the floor—
That it is, and nothing more."

Ah, my Sally, I remember
How, a-raining in November,
We went out with no umbrella,
While the rain on us did pour.
When your pap, he came a-running,
Hit my head a blow quite stunning,
While you said, "He's only funning,"
Funning, when a great big sore
Rose upon my bunged-up forehead,
While with pain I loud did roar—
That I did, and nothing more.

Then I went home, feeling madly,
While you soothed me, looking sadly,
Still I did feel very badly,

At the bloody sight of gore;
Then I swore that on the morrow
Your old pap should feel some sorrow
For arousing up my choler;
Collar, too, he fiercely tore,
From its top down to its bottom,
While with pain I loud did roar—
That I did, and nothing more.

Now he's gone, and you're a-going,
As the cock is feebly crowing,
To the milliner's for sewing,
Which I'd think must be a bore;
Yet, you sew perpetually,
You, my sweet and darling Sally,
While I, in some neighb'ring alley
Am a-swilling brandy raw,
Till I find my senses giddy,
And I fall upon the floor—
That I do, and nothing more.

NUMBER III.

The rat stood on the burning dock,
While 'round him fell the dead;
The billowy waves did fiercely rock,
And spattered o'er his head.

Yet, bright and beautiful he stood,
  Alive, with hairy skin,
But couldn't run off, if he would,
  Because he was pent in.

He squeaked aloud, "Que-que! que-que!"
  He squeaked aloud in vain;
The flames, they were upon his lea,
  Upon his right the main.

Upon his brow he felt the heat,
  His tail was crimping up;
His little heart with fear did beat,
  His breath was but hiccough.

He squeaked aloud—once more he squeaked;
  He lifted high his head,
And loudly once again he shrieked,
  And then, he fell down dead.

Then came a rattling, crashing sound;
  The rat—oh, where was he?
Ask of the waves, that far around
  Had borne him out to sea.

The boards are floating far and near,
  The fire has done its part,
But Ratty we'll no more see here,
  With his little beating heart.

NUMBER IV.

ONCE more you're in your breeches, friends, once more,
And closed the rents that in their seats were made.
In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As that his breeches should be whole and clean;
But, when you hear the rousing blast of war,
Reck not, my men, for breeches that are tore,
But be the tiger, clad in Nature's clothes,
And rush upon the foe, and smash—his nose.
Tight clench your fists, as with raging might
You would dare any to the bloody fight;
Fix hard your eye upon his weakest point,
Let now your arm run easy on its joint;
Set firm your teeth, and puff your nostril out,
Spend not your breath upon a weakly shout,
But bend your every spirit till it cracks again.
Curb not your passions, give them free the rein,
Now with your body leaning towards the foe,
Give him, with all your might, a blow "as is" a blow;
First in the eye, the port-hole of his sight,
Which being stopped, then hit him left and right;
Crack him again until he's on the ground,
Then jump upon him like a bloody hound,
And then, transformed into a wormy leech,
Bite at his ear, and make him raise a screech.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
The wish to fight is slobbering o'er your lips;
Take first a drink, and when I sing out "One!"
Go it, my hearties, every mother's son.

NUMBER V.

'Twas the midnight watch of a summer's night,
I took up a match and struck a light;
The stars shone bright in the starry sky,
When I thought I saw a mosquito near by.
The culprit came flying and buzzing along,
And singing his bloody vampire song;
And as he 'lighted upon my nose,
I felt the nails of his pointed toes,
And I thought to myself, Thou elfin-bug,
I've a mind to damage your noisy pug;
But he whizzed and he buzzed, as much as to say,
"Oh, give me one sip more of blood, I pray!"
The tears now ran down from my two eyes dim,
But the flow of the waters affected not him;
For he sat on the bridge of my nose secure,
While I, though impatient, his sting did endure.
At length he was filled with the bloody spoil,
That was taken away from my nose's rich soil;
He plumed his wings, and prepared to depart,
But he found it was useless to make a start.
I seized the wretch by his glittering wing,
I drew from his mouth the poisonous sting;
I then laid him down on his downy back,
And raised up my slipper to give him a whack—
When lo! he broke loose, and soon fled out of view,
And left me, astonished, still holding my shoe.

A CORRESPONDENT has sent us "The Song of the Clerk," which we regret not being able to publish in full; but the writer should not have chosen the form of a parody of a poem so hackneyed as the "Song of the Shirt." In other respects he writes with feeling and fancy, and certainly has truthfulness on his side in his picture of the old clerk.—N. Y. L. W——.

THE SONG OF "THE CLERK."

Write! write! write!
From early dawn until night;
Write! write! write!
Till your cheeks are sunken and white;
The sweat rolleth not off your brow,
'Tis because the summer's not here,
But in its stead the writer's cold
Has brought a nose-dropping tear.

Write! write! write!
In a coat that is threadbare and old.;
Write! write! write!
While your fingers are stiffened with cold;
Now lift your eyes from your books,
Their figures you see in the air,
For your poor old eyes have seen them so long,
That they see them every where.

MR. BOGGS' BAD NIGHT.

MR. BOGGS, a worthy countryman, on his first visit to the metropolis, avoids its wicked temptations by going early to bed.

SCENE.—(*Bedroom of a New York hotel.*)

MR. BOGGS, slumbering peacefully in bed, and enjoying beautiful visions of all descriptions, is suddenly aroused by a vague sense of inquietude—awakens thoroughly to the consciousness that several persons are talking and laughing in the next room; turns over restlessly, but to no purpose; no sooner does he fall into a doze, than he is startled out of it by a renewed peal of laughter; the chattering becomes intolerable; the laughter only increases; clock strikes "two," A. M.; Boggs groans; turns over again, but no longer attempts to sleep, for his nerves are so shattered by the repeated shocks they have

received, that, when the laughter now awakens him, he experiences vague and indefinable terrors.

Boggs (*in agony*).—Oh, dear, what shall I do? (*Gives up to despair.*)—Suddenly a thought strikes him—there is a blower to his grate; he springs out of bed, seizes the blower, and, approaching the door between the two apartments, waits patiently till the next peal of laughter, and beats a tattoo on the blower with the poker. Ker-r-r-rang tang—kel-l-l-lang—ker-r-r-rang tang—kel-lang-clang clang. Boggs himself almost starts with terror. (*Party in next room suddenly become silent.*)

Voice.—What the d—l was that? Didn't you hear something?

Voices (*murmuring, as if they were all saying they should think they did*).

Voice No. 1.—It seemed to come from the next room. (*Rises, and, going to the door, peeps through the keyhole.*)—I can't see any thing, though. (Boggs, having hung his cap over the knob of the door, rubs his hands with delight at the result of the scheme. Suddenly an idea strikes him. Placing himself in the light of the moon, which shines brightly into his chamber, he holds the blower in front of him, knocks the cap off the knob with the poker, and, wheeling about so that his back is to the keyhole, stands motionless.)

Voice No. 2.—Are you sure you couldn't see any

thing? Let me look. (*Looks just as Boggs knocks off the cap*). Halloo!

Party (*all crowding around*).—What's the matter?

Voice No. 2.—Hang it! Why, there's a fellow standing in the moonshine!

Party (*eagerly pushing forward*).—Well, what's he doing? (Just then Boggs makes a pirouette in the air, comes down on his toes, and strikes the blower. Party all jump with terror.)

Voice No. 2.—Gad! Why, he jumped right up in the air, and made that d—d noise.

Voice No. 3.—How the deuce does he make that infernal noise?

Voice No. 4.—Yes; and what's he jumping about at this time of night for?

Host.—I'm sure I don't know; (*whispers*)—but wait; I'll settle his bacon. (*Goes to a closet, and produces a bean-blower and some beans.*)

Voice No. 5 (*whispers*).—Yes, that's it; hit him in the ham!

Party.—Ha! ha! ha! Very good!

Boggs (*who has meanwhile stood motionless, soliloquizes*).—I wonder what they're whispering about! Well, I'll give them one more, and then go to bed. (Pirouettes, but, as he comes down, experiences a sudden, sharp shooting pain; drops the blower with a yell, and pops into bed.) My stars! what was that, I wonder? That must have been tic-

douloureux. I've probably caught cold. Heavens! how sore that spot is! (*Clock strikes four. Party in next room with ill-suppressed glee.*)

Voice.—Well, we've had a jolly night; but it's getting late, so I'm going home. Good night. (*One by one they drop off, and all becomes quiet.*)

Boggs (*soliloquizes*).—Well, thank fortune, they've gone at last, even though at this late hour. Jolly night! that's more than I've had. Oh, dear! oh, dear! (Yawns, and at length falls asleep; sleeps about half an hour, and is again suddenly roused. Listens, and hears some one turning the knob of his door, and then letting it go, in rapid succession, while at the same time a vigorous pounding on the door threatens to break in the panel.)

Boggs (*exasperated*).—Halloo! what are you about?

Noisy Stranger.—Halloo *you!* What are you doing in my room? Let me in! (*Renews knob-turning and pounding.*)

Boggs.—This is *not* your room. This is No. 85, and my room; and if you don't stop making that noise, I'll call the watch!

Pacified Stranger (*ceasing to knock*).—Eighty-five! Oh! I beg your pardon, sir—a mistake, I assure you; my number is 87. Sorry I disturbed you, sir. Good night!

Boggs (*soliloquizes*).—Well, that's cool! But I'd much prefer that he'd have begged my pardon before waking me up, and then not have waked me at all.

Oh, dear! I don't know what'll become of me! Sleep is necessary to human existence, I believe, but these New Yorkers seem to be—a-h—a-h. (*Falls asleep.*)

Scene II.—(*The next morning at same hotel.*)

Visitor.—Is Mr. Boggs in?

Landlord.—Mr. Boggs was here last evening, sir; but he left for home this morning, immediately after breakfast.

A DAY IN THE COUNTRY.

If you should pin your faith on the sleeve of a poet, you would believe that the country was a Paradise, and the city—"a quite the reverse;" but as "seeing is believing," Coggs and myself determined to go to the country and see for ourselves; so one day we took the cars for P——. About three miles from P—— is the "beautiful" little village of M——. We reached it towards dusk, having been conveyed there from P—— in a wagon, dragged by a poor scare-crow of a horse, and whose blinders flapped about like shutters in a gale of wind. Our driver, who was a black man, and who was obliged to stand up, stood on our feet the whole distance, while his linen coat-tail kept flying in my face until, almost smothered, I was obliged to request him, in the most choking pathetic accents, to take in a reef in his superfluous drapery. This having been done, by tucking them under the waist-band of his trowsers, the effect was, as you may easily imagine,

any thing but elegant in the extreme, though decidedly more comfortable.

We finally arrived at M——, covered with dust and cinders; and requesting a room with two beds in it, were informed, with a stare, that they had none, but could give us two adjoining single rooms; so, obliged to content ourselves with these, we were presently ushered into two cupboards, the only difference being that beds had been substituted for shelves. It was only by dint of squeezing ourselves "into cocked hats" that we could manage to shut the doors. Of course, a wash-stand was out of the question; and there being no bell, we were obliged to beat the devil's own tattoo to get up the waiter. This important functionary having been at length exorcised in the shape of a dirty, slip-shod female, we were informed that, if we wanted to wash ourselves, we could do it "at the pump, down in the garding." As there was no other resource for us, "down in the garding" we went. I was near bitten in two by a ferocious bull-dog; while Coggs, in attempting to flee, tripped over the dog's house, and was stretched sprawling on the ground. Aid, having been loudly requested, soon after came; the dog was chained, and we were escorted in safety to the pump. Our ablutions were performed in a tin pan, with brown soap, and which nearly took all the skin off my hands, while my handkerchief, an article originally intended for wiping my nose merely, was now advanced to the

more extended sphere of wiping both face and hands. Then took tea—ham and eggs; and there being neither a theatre nor billiard-room in the whole place, we dawdled around until nine P. M.; when, dying with *ennui*, we determined to go to bed.

Two tallow candles, with wicks like torch-lights, and sputtering forth horrible smells, were then presented to us, and thus armed, and holding our noses, we ascended to our cupboards. My first impulse, on finding myself shut up alone with the infernal tallow candle, was to go out immediately into the entry, but was diverted from that intention by hearing Coggs beat on the partition, and then his voice.

Coggs.—Halloo, there, old fellow! how do you feel?

M. or N.—Awfully! How do you?

Coggs.—I say, old boy, "misery likes company." Don't you think that we could get this partition down?

It was a lucky thought. The partition was old and rickety, and, by a little hard pushing, we managed to get one of the boards loose, and then the rest was easy. There wasn't room to lay the boards down, so we stood them up against the wall.

After comparing our grievances, we finally resolved to go to bed and forget them all in sleep. As it was my habit always to look under the bed before "turning in" for the night, I did so in this instance, when, to my horror, I saw a man there. Starting with terror,

I shouted out to Coggs, who, at the same time, shouted out to me, that there was a man under the bed.

Coggs.—Eh?

M. or N.—Eh?

Coggs.—Did you look under the bed just now?

M. or N.—Yes!

And the result was a hearty laugh of relief for both parties. It appeared that Coggs had the same habit of looking for burglars as myself, and it so happened that we had both looked simultaneously; the two beds being side by side, of course we saw one another. Not satisfied, however, with this reasonable solution, we again made a careful inspection of the premises, with confirmed results, and then went to bed. We both of us passed a restless night, but towards morning I fell into a doze. I don't think I could have been asleep more than ten minutes, when I was awakened by hearing Coggs call me. As I awoke, there were about forty roosters crowing their very necks off.

Coggs.—What the deuce is that? What is that awful noise? There it is again.

M. or N. (*yawning, but finally laughing.*)—What, that? Why, didn't you ever hear roosters crow? Those are roosters.

Coggs.—To be sure, it does sound something like game-cocks in the pit; but then, what the deuce are they doing in the country, and such a crowd of them, too? Just listen. Jupiter, what a noise! What the

deuce are they crowing about? They don't fight that way at this time of night, do they?

M. or N.—(*yawning.*)—Fight! no; why, didn't you know roosters announce the dawn?

Coggs.—No, I didn't. So they announce the dawn, do they?

Roosters.—Cock-a-doodle doo-o-o-o-o!

Coggs.—Come, now, this is too much—waking up people at this time of night, merely to let them know the dawn's on hand. Let the dawn announce itself. I'll cut every one of your throats to-morrow morning, if you don't stop.

The roosters nevertheless continued to crow, and Coggs to swear; while I, laughing and gaping alternately, turned over and soon fell asleep again.

We rose about ten, took our wash "in the garding," with the brown soap, in the tin pan, and then went in to breakfast—ham and eggs again. Coggs looked wild, but said nothing.

Breakfast over, we went out "to enjoy the country." Grass! yes there was grass. Coggs and I were both agreed on that point. Grass! and plenty of it. There were trees, too. "Trees!" said Coggs. "Trees! Look at the trees! just think of it!" Having sufficiently contemplated the trees, we looked to see what else there was. "A cow!" said Coggs; "a cow, an animal on four legs, with two horns and a tail. What is the cow doing? Standing still, and whisking her

tail about, and, by George! she's making faces, too. Just look at her mouth!" I was obliged to explain to Coggs that the cow was "chewing the cud." Coggs thought that a great joke, and evidently treasured it up in his memory, for he kept repeating to himself for some time, "Chewing the cud!" We soon, however, exhausted the cow, and then were nonplussed; there was nothing more to be seen—until Coggs discovered "the sky!" I mildly suggested that we have sky in the city; but Coggs insisted that he'd never seen it; at any rate, not in such quantities. But the sky proved any thing but exhilarating, for it was full of clouds, and, shortly after Coggs' new discovery, the rain came pouring down. We now beat a rapid retreat to the tavern, where we were immured for the remainder of the day. How we passed the time, Coggs says, "Heaven only knows." We do know, however, that we had ham and eggs for dinner, and that we went to bed directly after tea; that we first gave orders, however, to be called in time for the "first morning train to the city," but that, nevertheless, "those d—d cocks," as Coggs called them, woke us long before the time. Coggs has never been in the country since.

FREE CHURCHES FOR THE POOR.

Wealthy Churchman.—My dear friend, why do you not devote your energies to the spiritual welfare of mankind, instead of aiming merely to supply their temporal wants? Do you not see that you should strike at the root? Make men religious, and they will be honest, sober, contented, and diligent; and "the hand of the diligent maketh rich."

Philanthropist.—Since you are so solicitous, my dear sir, for their spiritual welfare, may I ask why *you*, also, do not devote your energies to the same course?

Churchman (*astonished*).—I, sir? Why, that is what *I'm* doing.

Philanthropist.—Excuse me, my friend; you aid in building gorgeous churches, and fattening luxurious ministers; but I do not see how, by so doing, you contribute to the spiritual welfare of mankind.

Churchman.—But we must have churches!

PHILANTHROPIST.—But not necessarily expensive ones.

CHURCHMAN.—And we must have ministers!

PHILANTHROPIST.—But not necessarily luxurious ones. According to your practice, you raise magnificent buildings, and employ popular preachers and vocalists at extravagant rates. The result is, your churches are filled with fashionable audiences, part of whom go to hear the music, and part the preacher—but the majority to be seen and known as attending "*such-and-such*" church.

CHURCHMAN.—But, my dear sir, these very people have an opportunity of hearing valuable truths, and, though they may go at first from such motives as you suggest, they may afterwards do so from purer and higher motives.

PHILANTHROPIST.—Yet, even allowing the possibility of what you say, still you do not contribute to the spiritual welfare of mankind, but only to that of a small class, viz., the wealthy. It is only the rich man, now-a-days, who can afford the luxury of going to church. The thousands of poor, even if they had the inclination, have not the means.

CHURCHMAN.—But, my dear sir, what would you have us do? We cannot mix indiscriminately with the poor, who are noted for their unclean habits, and the very contact with whom would turn the stomachs of the more refined.

PHILANTHROPIST.—I can understand and appreciate

your fastidiousness; but it is not necessary to sacrifice even such feelings. Why not build less expensive churches; take for your ministers a man contented to live more humbly than your popular friends; give up hired singers, and let your Sabbath scholars form the choir, and sing the hymns simply, giving the congregation an opportunity of joining in singing the praises of the Creator? Then you will have a surplus sufficient, or at least aiding, to endow free churches for the poor. The first question is, "Do the poor need churches?" and then, if they do, the next one is, "Have they them?" You have only to look about you to see that they have them *not;* that preaching the gospel to all, is confined to preaching it to the rich; that there are thousands who, if they had the inclination, have not the means to go to church; and I say it is a shame that a Christian country like this should not have enough churches to accommodate the poor, and yet have so many expensive and stately edifices for the rich.

When you retrench your expenses, and aid in endowing free churches for the poor, then you may ask me with some plausibility why I do not devote myself to the spiritual welfare of mankind. Until then, I must labor to give them the *means* to go to church.

REFLECTIONS

OF A NEW-YORK POLICEMAN.

I AM one of the New-York Police. I have been engaged in many nefarious transactions; however, I needn't tell you that, after having already told you that I am one of the New-York Police. All men are prone to err. It is the doctrine taught every Sunday in the church; and yet you blame the policemen for not being faithful to their duty. Short-sighted community of New-York! Policemen are not superior to other men. They have passions as well as other men —they are selfish, too, as other men; and yet, with the same disposition to err, they are thrown, aye, forced into all manner of temptations. Like other men, I have a failing for the fair sex. But why am I allowed to indulge it? Why, even in the face of the whole city, am I allowed to stand on the corners of the streets dallying with the frail fair? *Because*

I am a policeman. Why may *I* alone stand unmoved, and look on at a jolly row without interfering? *Because* I am a policeman. Why can I connive at gambling, burglary, and garroting, but because I am a policeman?

Surely it is a glorious privilege to be a policeman, since its garb covers such a multitude of sins. Sometimes I would have some privacy; for, like other great men, there are seasons (and especially in my case in the winter) when I would prefer to play an unnoticed part, so I take an incognito. Sometimes, if the weather be cold or wet, I pass into the snug corner of some alehouse, and quietly enjoy my toddy and cigar until relieved by change of watch; or, if the weather be pleasant, I saunter up and down on my "beat," beneath the glorious light of the moon, and muse on human nature; for my occupation has made me philosophical, and I am epicurean, peripatetic, or stoic, as suits my humor.

"The proper study of mankind," says the poet, "is man;" and, of all the occupations in this world, that of the New-York policeman affords the greatest facilities for such a study. To study human nature properly, one must be disengaged from all strifes, and, avoiding the actual struggle of life, become a mere looker-on; but to do so, one must have the means independent of his own labor, otherwise he is apt to be prejudiced. Those means are furnished to the New-York policeman by the City Government; and though

"in his sleeve" he may laugh at his patrons, still he accepts their bounty—for the New-York policeman, as I before said, is a philosopher. Being a philosopher, I am a man of liberal views; and, consequently, cannot resist a sneer at the civilization and refinement of a state of society which not merely allows such a class of men as we are to exist, but *actually supports* us. In the history of nations, even the most barbarous, can you find such a precedent as this? Criminal practices have been allowed, it is true, by different nations, but there was always some reason assigned for their toleration; and though at the bottom it may have been mere sophistry, still it was deemed necessary to give a reason. But here, in the nineteenth century, boasters as we are of Progress, a class of men is *supported* by a Government whose very laws and ordinances that class is constantly violating, and that, too, in its very face, and with unblushing affrontery. Talk of sinecures! What sinecure like that of a New-York policeman? In spite of my interests, I despise my own employers.

However, thank fortune, there is no evil without its accompanying good; and those poor, half-starved students, who cultivate their minds at the expense of their bodies, have at length a career in life open for them. In the ranks of the New-York policemen, they will be well-fed, clothed, and housed, and no labor required of them in return. To be sure, they may find themselves the companions of vagabonds and

scoundrels; but then, let them consider that they will thus have an opportunity of studying a new phase of life.

On the whole, I am inclined to think that the citizens of New-York should be thankful to the authorities for having given them, at least, a *philosophical police.* Theirs truly, Policeman A.

A DREAM.

Dark Night had thrown her pall upon the world,
And in a death-like silence all was hushed,
Save the low rumbling thunder, following on
Th' electric flash, which lightened for a time
The darkened skies.

Drowsy, I sought repose.
The day throughout had been a fearful one—
Black, threatening clouds rolled through the sky
In silent gloom, hiding the ethereal blue;
The air was filled with lurid gleams of light,
The rain in heavy sheets came pouring down,
And the elemental war raged fierce around.
—Methought, upon a mountain's peak I stood—
I knew not how, nor why, but there I was—
When from the blackened bosom of a cloud
The lightning sprang—and down a deep abyss
I sank, sank on, and never seemed to stop.
A thousand years seemed to have filled the space

Of that slight clipping of the wing of time.
The dread, the awful agony I felt,
Naught could express. I shouted, wild with fears.
I cried aloud, and echoes but sent back
My shouts to taunt me. 'Twas then in that dread void
The shades of death upon me seemed to fall,
And all the world was lost.

Oh, frightful death!
Terrible picture of unbreathing clay,
How dreadful e'en in life to think of thee;
But placed in truth before the startled sight,
No words can tell thy terrors.

HOUSEKEEPING.

Housekeeping may be called a homely subject, suggestive of scrubbing-brushes, brooms, kettles, pots and pans, soap-fat and ashes, &c., &c.; but if more attention were paid to *homely* subjects, there would be infinitely more happiness in this world. The neglect of little things frequently leads to great and serious results, and the absence of a tea-pot may raise a row in a household, and cause more disturbance than a tolerable good-sized calamity.

But the position of a housekeeper is not such a very inferior post, after all, as some suppose. A housekeeper is a sovereign on a small scale—perhaps on an exceedingly small scale; but, nevertheless a sovereign to all intents and purposes, as far as her sovereignty extends. And this sovereignty is the destiny of young girls who are called upon as wives to keep house. It is therefore incumbent on such to prepare themselves, by a proper education, for the

administration of their powers with dignity and efficiency. It is certainly not sufficient to know how to make cakes or to use a broom—a delusion under which the majority of young ladies seem to labor. On the contrary, a somewhat higher rank of qualifications is necessary. With regard to her subjects, she should have firmness, but tempered by kindness; prudence, yet not fearful; watchfulness, yet not a spy. With regard to her administration, she should be economical, but not niggardly; liberal, yet not profuse; orderly, but not precise;—while the taste and refinement of a cultivated mind should enable her so to dispose of every thing as to produce the pleasant, soothing effect on the mind, of elegance combined with ease and comfort. Indeed, the greatest amount of comfort with the greatest amount of elegance should be the motto of every housekeeper.

And in such a point of view does housekeeping become the most noble part of woman's mission—to make those happy and comfortable at home, who are laboring every day in the rough world for her; to keep at least one spot tender in the hearts of those who would otherwise grow altogether hardened and callous; to call into the face of man that grateful look, that unmistakable expression of thankfulness, softening what would otherwise be harsh and repulsive; to make that eye tender almost to dimness. Why, to call such a look into the face of any man, should be, and is, ample compensation for any true

woman. And is not such an aim as this, more worthy a true woman, more satisfying, than all the false, fictitious glare and excitement of the ball-room? It is indeed a melanchloly sight, after reflecting on how a woman should be brought up, to turn and contemplate how she is actually brought up, taught, as she is, needlework in silk and worsted, drumming on the piano, meretricious dances, &c.,—every thing, in short, but self-denial, and how best to make those happy around her. Every thing she is taught has nothing for its end but the gratification of her miserable vanity. Now, there is not one of these accomplishments, with the exception of the present style of dancing, that is to be condemned in itself. Every one of them has its use and application in refining and adorning the mind, as the basis of solid attainments, but not to the exclusion of real duties, or of those solid attainments. But the women of the present day are educated to consider such accomplishments as the only true studies for them, and their own wretched vanity as their only aim. They are brought up to look upon housekeeping and other useful duties as fit only for inferior beings, and to look down with the contempt of self-conceit on those who are in reality their superiors in all true nobleness. When they marry, and come to the performance of household duties, they employ, if they have the means, what is called a "housekeeper," and who, in reality, becomes their mistress, or else they come to the duties

themselves with listless indifference and inefficiency. The results are, of course, squabbles, broils, and every thing at sixes and sevens—in short, intestine war and anarchy.

The best advice for a man, however wealthy he may be, is, never to marry a fashionable woman; or, if he does, never to keep house. The average lot of man who marries a woman of fashion, is to be tied for life to a vain, heartless woman of mediocre abilities. Her small stock of ability being already distributed in the various accomplishments of painting, music, worsted-work, &c., with the greatest portion of it in her legs—for fashionable women do excel in dancing—there remains nothing to supply her with conversation. The consequence is, a sort of dummy life. This unfortunate husband has a dummy for partner at breakfast, the same at dinner, and in the evening, and, if he accompanies her to her various haunts of dissipation, he has the gratification of seeing her excel in the parts of a mechanical automaton; in other words, he is the enviable possessor of a combination of wires, cotton, and paste, dancing and gyrating about a room.

To pass his life with any degree of comfort with such a being, his best plan will be to take furnished apartments—say a bed-room, parlor, and boudoir. This parlor the wife may fill with samples of her skill in painting—in other words, with her daubs; she may here also exasperate her neighbors by a species of devil's tattoo on the piano, and which she dignifies

by the title of "Operatic Fantasias;" stretched on a luxurious lounge, she may listlessly turn the leaves of the last new novel; or, before a full-length mirror, practise her arts of fascination. The boudoir is of course the wife's sanctum, and consequently forbidden ground for her husband. Indeed, it will be his wisest policy never to pry too inquisitively into its secrets, as he will thus, at least, have that amount of bliss which ignorance furnishes. Thus situated, and aided by that kind of fortitude which most men of the world possess, viz., a species of stupefaction of feeling, such a husband may enjoy a kind of negative happiness; but the glow of kindly feeling, the mutual sympathy, love and respect, the excitement of generous emotions, the interchange of intelligent thought—in short, the two-in-one happiness of the true married state, will be totally wanting. Those true, simple pleasures never enter the circles of fashion, for the simple reason that they are totally discordant with it.

Whether of the two, then, is preferred—the home with its simple but real pleasures; or fashionable life, with its empty, unsatisfying vanities? I must confess, for my own part, that it seems almost perfect folly to ask the question.

HAPPINESS.

THERE are some people in the world who regard "happiness" and "sleep" as synonymous terms. They believe that the greatest amount of happiness is the greatest amount of unconsciousness; and though it may be said that their humor carries them a little too far, still there is some degree of wisdom in their belief. There is, indeed, no such thing in the world as *absolute* happiness, but the greatest amount of that commodity is, the least amount of unhappiness; and it is certainly like sleep in one particular—the more you court it, the further it flies from you.

The great error of mankind lies in looking upon happiness as the great aim of life; whereas it is but the reward, and follows as a necessary consequence the fulfilment of that aim. The shortest road to happiness is, indeed, the path of duty. But man, forgetting that the imperishable soul can never be satisfied with what is perishable, sets out to seek happiness, as

if he could find it in some perishable bauble, and, still more absurd, takes as his guide such will-o'-the-wisps as pleasure, ambition, &c. What wonder that he is constantly disappointed, only, in the end, to cry out, "Take away this bauble!" "All is vanity and vexation of spirit—and there is no new thing under the sun!" What else, indeed, could he rationally expect? "There is no new thing under the sun—and all is vanity and vexation of spirit." But then, why should it be otherwise? It is in the order of Creation, and the Great Governor of the Uuniverse surely knows better how it should be, than one of his mere creations —a mere speck on the earth's surface, a mere mote in the sunbeams—for such is man. Even the finite mind of man is able to comprehend, if it will, the wisdom of such a decree; for man must die, and if his every wish were gratified here, his exit from the world would be terrible. It is this very vanity of earth's pleasures that leads man to nobler and higher aspirations, that points out to him his true destiny. *Why* we should go through this ordeal, we of course cannot tell. We cannot penetrate the unfathomable, but must take the world as we find it; and this is no mere dictate of expediency. We are to take the world as we find it—not because we cannot help it, but because it is best that it should be as it is. We are not, moreover, to set up a cry because we cannot have every bauble our fancy longs for; or, if our fancy be gratified, because such gratification leads to satiety. That is only the

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necessary consequence of the imperishable seeking its gratification in the perishable; for all here is "vanity and vexation of spirit—and there is no new thing under the sun." Still, if the weariness, of which this saying is so expressive, turns with indifference from such a consideration—if it still continue to lament that "there is no new thing under the sun," even that implied wish for some new thing may be gratified. Let those who thus lament, cease their lamentations; let them do good, and love their fellow-men as much as they do themselves; let them become humble, patient, and self-denying, and I warrant there will be something new under the sun. Wealth, pleasure, ambition, may all be vanity; but patience is not, self-denial is not, love is not. Of course, we use the term "love" in its true signification—not that weak, maudlin sentimentality, with which it is so frequently associated, but a noble, healthy sympathy for others. Indeed, this word has been so degraded by a false use of it, that it is almost dangerous to employ it any more. But it is nevertheless true that he who really "loves God with all his heart, soul, and mind, and his neighbor as himself," will do his duty, and enjoy as much happiness as he is capable of in this mortal state.

Let a man but make the experiment for himself. Let him, who has hitherto made his own happiness his aim, now renounce the search for it. Let him nobly enter upon the path of duty, and strive to truly love others, strive to be patient, humble, and self-denying,

and in his striving, let him banish all thought of self, and think only of the happiness of others. We will venture to say that he will wake up some day to the consciousness of a happiness that he never thought of obtaining. This is no mere theory. It has been tested, and it only asks the experiment to warrant its success. The shortest road to happiness is the path of duty.

CAUSES OF SOUTHERN DISTURBANCE.

WHAT are the grounds of complaint? We cannot understand why the majority of the sovereign people of the North are not as much aggrieved as the South, so far at least as their honor is concerned.

It is an insult to the sovereign people of the United States in general (*whether North or South*), that nine States of the Union should have violated the Constitution and set at defiance the will of the sovereign people, as expressed by the Fugitive Slave Law. For is not the National Government supreme over the States?

What is the preamble of the Constitution?

"We *the people* of the United States, in order to form a more perfect Union, establish justice, *insure domestic tranquillity*, *provide for the common defence*, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of Liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution of the United States of America."

"By the terms of the compact" (*we now quote Duer's "Outlines of the Constitution"*) "the States, as members of the Union, are no longer regarded in their sovereign and corporate capacities, as they surrendered such portions of their sovereignties as were requisite for the purposes of National Government."

"From the nature of the case the National and State Governments cannot be coequal. The Constitution, *in the name of the whole people*, accordingly *declares its own supremacy and that of the laws made in pursuance thereto*, and of treaties made under the authority of the United States *over the constitutions and laws of the several States*, and an *attempt* by *any State* to abrogate or annul an act of the National Legislature, *is a direct usurpation of the powers of the General Government, an infringement on the rights of all the other States, and a plain violation of the paramount obligation of its members, to support and obey the Constitution of the United States.*

"From this declaration of the supremacy of the Constitution, Laws, and Treaties of the United States, arises *the duty of Courts of Justice* to declare void any part of any State Constitution, or law which is *repugnant to the Supreme law of the land;* and *no State has authority*, either by an act of ordinary legislation, or by a fundamental law, to declare void *a law of the United States, or suspend its operation within the territorial jurisdiction of the State.*"

Now, what have nine States of the Union done

but violated the Constitution, in denying, as they have done, the authority of the National Government as expressed in the Fugitive Slave Law? And we the sovereign people at the North are just as much aggrieved by such violation as the South, for are we not as much bound by the Constitution as the South?

But what has the election of Mr. Lincoln to do with this grievance? Why should it so aggravate our Southern brethren? Throughout all Mr. Lincoln's conduct and speeches there breathes, on the contrary, the spirit of union, peace, and harmony. Thus far he appears only as a strong, firm, conservative, Union-loving man; and the South, instead of being apprehensive for their rights, ought, on the contrary, to be reassured by his election. That election was a regular one, and made according to the Constitution, which we are all bound to obey.

No, sir, it is the present Administration which is at fault. It is too weak to enforce the rightful supremacy of the National Government; and our only hope for redress lies in the future Administration of the President elect.

Let us, then, the sovereign people, whether North or South, be patient a little longer. Let us wait and see how our future President will act. We ourselves feel assured that he will do every thing that is right according to the Constitution.

Let our Southern brethren in particular, remember that our glorious Constitution has for over half a cen-

tury "accomplished most effectually and happily the great ends for which it was ordained," and let us all hope that the next Administration will see all these vexing questions which have arisen, completely settled forever. Better to live together in peace and harmony, with mutual concessions on either side, than to be at variance with one another.

"United we stand, divided we fall;" and may that day never come when we shall see our glorious motto, "*E Pluribus Unum*," turned into "*Tot hostes.*"

Then join in hand, brave Americans all,
By uniting we stand, by dividing we fall.

SECESSION OF TEXAS.

Can the reports that are in circulation about Texas be true? Can she in reality be so ungrateful as to even think of seceding? Her secession would be the blackest blot of ingratitude on the page of history.

Her independence and annexation alone cost the United States about fifty thousand men and sixty million dollars; and in addition, the United States afterwards paid off her debt, amounting to some eight millions or more of dollars.

It is a singular fact, that, in a speech made in 1845, we then expressed our apprehensions of her in the following words: "May we not be nourishing a viper, which will at some future day turn upon and sting us for our generosity to it? May we not, at some future time, I say, rue the day when first we joined her to our Confederacy?"

We most sincerely hope that our former apprehensions are not now to become realized prophecies; but if they do, we can only say, Thank God we are no Texan.

SUGGESTIONS OF THE TIMES.

Could not the Constitution be so amended as to provide for the punishment not only of treason, but also of the utterers of treasonable language? And would not such be a wise amendment? For who are the most culpable—the head devils, or their poor tools? Are not the abolitionists the prime instigators of the rebellion, if such there should be? If, by an amendment of the Constitution, we could have the most rabid of that class exiled—say, to the other side of the Rocky Mountains—we would soon be rid of all our troubles. They would undoubtedly soon extirpate themselves like so many Kilkenny cats, and the country would be rid of a great nuisance.

When the body physical is attacked by a sickness resulting in eruptions on its surface, we do not confine ourselves to the eruptions themselves, but we go to the cause of them. We purge the body of the offending causes. And so with the body politic. Let us

only once get rid of these fanatical abolitionists, providing at the same time for all future offenders, and we could soon be well again, and remain so.

Again if certain States at the North are allowed to violate the Constitution with impunity, why should not the South be allowed the same privilege? One would suppose that the old, intolerant, fanatic spirit of New England was again reviving, and before long we will be forbidden to "kiss our wives and children on Sunday;" be obliged to "have our hair cut round like a cap;" will "not be allowed to read Common Prayer, keep Christmas or saint days, make mince pies, dance, or play on any instrument of music, *except* the drum, trumpet, and jew's-harp;" and as for the poor quakers and heretics, "no food or lodging shall be afforded to a Quaker, Adamite, or other heretic." (Blue Laws.)

Why, we at the North are as much interested as the South in putting down these fanatical abolitionists who so disturb the peace and harmony of the country. They are comparatively few, and we surely are not going to be sacrificed to a handful of bigots.

We heard a gentleman say, last evening, that, in case South Carolina should secede (*which, by-the-by, he would be sorry to see her do*), he hoped that Massachusetts would secede with her.

There is a good deal of common sense at the bottom of this apparently absurd idea. It shows, too, the feeling of all true conservatives at the North—a

desire to get rid of the agitators and disturbers of the Union.

The conservatives are quiet, order-loving men, devoted to the Constitution, and not only perfectly willing to obey its laws, but actually taking pleasure in obeying them. They feel grateful to the Constitution which has done so much for them, and cheerfully testify their gratitude by observing all its decisions.

The radicals, on the other hand, are discontented, noisy men; unprincipled demagogues, whose sole object is plunder or personal ambition, in combination with narrow-minded fanatics, turbulent, disorderly men, who obey no law founded on reason, but who are yet in the worst state of slavery that could be desired—they are all slaves to their passions. These are the men who first violate the Constitution themselves, and then incite others to do the same.

They are like certain selfish men who put up at a hotel, and, because they cannot have a monopoly of the servants and every thing else in the house, straightway make complaints and raise a disturbance which threatens the peace and quiet of the whole house. It is impossible to conciliate such beings. There is no reason nor feeling in them. Slaves to their passions, they will listen to nothing but their passions, and the only way to live with them is to be their slave. At length the keeper of the hotel finds that, even though "he may be a good man," still "he'll not be able to keep a hotel" if these pests remain in it; so, like a

wise man, he quietly ejects them. All the quiet, order-loving inmates draw individual breaths of relief, and peace and quiet are again restored.

Just such a set has the United States hotel in that wing of it called New England; and the question is, whether we shall ever have peace or quietness till we either get rid of them, or force their rebellious natures to submit quietly to the laws.

For our own part, we are in favor of getting rid of them. They have violated the compact made by them with the United States, and therefore are no longer one with us. Let, then, all who love the Constitution, all conservative men, both North and South, let all join together and amend the Constitution, so that, if a State pass laws which conflict with those of the National Government, the Constitution shall have power to repeal those laws; and if the State do not obey the General Government within a certain specified time, then that State shall be formally read out of the Union, but held in subjection to the General Government.

In this way we might get rid of all the festers and pestilent sores that now threaten to dissolve our Constitution, and the great Union would work on in silent majesty, undisturbed by the snarls of petty curs; meanwhile the curs would begin to consider the expediency of keeping quiet, in order to keep themselves out of the dog-pound.

STICK TO THE CONSTITUTION.

What is our duty in the present state of affairs? What, but to still stick to the Constitution; and to stick by her, yes, to the death.

Though the abolitionists of the North have attempted to stir up a mutiny in the ship; though the fire-eaters of the South seemed determined to desert her; though every thing looks gloomy, and the good ship seems threatened with destruction; still must we, conservative, Union-loving men, stand by her. Such is our duty—the duty of all conservatives, both North and South. We must still stick to the ship. We owe her too much to now basely desert her. We have pledged ourselves to stand by her, and stand by her we must. So long as one plank remains, around that plank we must rally.

We have deprecated the acts of the abolitionists. We have entreated and expostulated with the fire-eaters. But all seems of no avail; and they seem

bent not only on their own destruction, but on that of the good ship, too. This last, however, they shall not accomplish, so long as we have hand or foot to defend her.

The course of the extreme parties is not only impolitic, but it is likewise both wicked and ungrateful. The abolitionists, in the first place, have violated their oath to protect the Constitution. They have enacted laws conflicting with the supreme law of the land to which they were subject. Forgetful of all the prosperity and advantages they have derived from the Union, they strive to undermine it on account of what they consider a fault in it. Even if it were a fault—which, however, we most emphatically deny—still they can never be justified in the course they have taken. They were *bound* to protect and strengthen the Union. They have tried to undermine and weaken it. They have not only violated their duty, but they have acted no less foolishly than the man who killed the goose that laid the golden eggs. But, say the abolitionists, our principles are opposed to slavery. We cannot live in unison with such an institution. "Ye blind guides, which strain at a gnat and swallow a camel." Have you not "omitted the weightier matters of the law, judgment, mercy, and faith?" Were you not bound by compact to obey the laws of the land? Have abolitionists indeed turned Jesuits? If you did not like the laws of the land, why did you bind yourselves to obey them? or why, being bound, did you

not first unloose yourselves? You talk of the "higher law," but it occurs to us that you do not practise its teachings.

As for the seceders, there is but one course for them, viz., to get an amendment of the Constitution naming the particular States which wish to secede, and *then* they can "go in peace." Otherwise it is impossible. As a gentleman from Virginia has already remarked, "What credit would the Government be entitled to, and what could it obtain either at home or abroad, if it were understood that any one State might at any moment break up the Government and thus cancel the debt?" If one State has the right to secede, of course all the rest could follow in its track.

No, we must stick by the Constitution. There is every motive for doing so; and if justice and gratitude are not strong enough, why, even expediency compels us to stand by our Union. She may be mutilated, but she cannot be dissolved.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF SARATOGA.

My very coming here was ominous, as, having left New York on the 4th of July, the retrospection of my trip seems nothing but a hideous dream—a confused medley of rowdies, firemen, drunken men, hooting boys, combats, fire-crackers, and a general hullabaloo. On reaching here, I strove in vain for some recognition of rural aspects; went through a paved street to the "United States," found gas, and all the appliances of metropolitan comfort, excepting a want of bell in my room. Said room might be called small—a seven-by-nine box, so choked up with a small table, small bedstead, small washstand, and small wardrobe, together with two chairs and the inevitable rocker, that it was impossible to turn round without barking my shins at every movement. There being no bell, as already mentioned, I was obliged to dress in the dark; and fifteen minutes only being allowed for that operation, found it, of course, insufficient, and came down late to a very unsatisfactory tea—all my own

fault, however, as I'd no business to be born in a fast country. Very few people here, so sat on the piazza and smoked till I heard a very deep bass clock tolling the hour—counted first 11, then 12 in a different key up to 22—then 23 in a different and higher key to 33 —then 34 in a still higher key up to 44—began to be alarmed, as 45 o'clock now struck and went on in a squeaking tone to 55. Here it stopped—at 55 o'clock it's high time to go to bed. This singular time of night might be explained on the very ignoble hypothesis that I was so "tight" that I heard quintuple instead of double, the usual phenomenon attending that state described by the word "tight;" but the true solution of the mystery, was the fact of five different clocks telling the hour, and all so well-bred that each waited till the other got through before commencing to give his evidence of the passage of time. *Mem.*— Time does pass in Saratoga, notwithstanding that many affirm that it does not.

In the morning I made a second though very vain attempt to discover some evidence of being in the country, by looking out of my window. I had a magnificent prospect—of reaching the country if I chose, but not of being there already. This prospect consisted of the inducements held out by a row of ticket offices of nearly all the railroads in the United States. There was the Hudson River Railroad ticket office, also one for Worcester, Newport, Lowell, Bellows Falls, White Mountains, Brattleboro, &c., &c.

To the left of these offices was the livery stable of the "United States Hotel," and I had the satisfaction of seeing six horses in process of grooming. (Par parenthesis.) No wonder that horses stare with astonishment under the operation; they must naturally feel very curious to know why they should be scraped and rubbed down with sharp iron points; and who can be surprised that the intelligent, perhaps well-fed horse exhibits resentment by his kicks, bites, and struggles. Not I, for one; and I was perfectly delighted at seeing one of these intelligent creatures pick up one of the grooms by the seat of his trowsers and lay him sprawling over a neighboring bucket of water.

I was informed, on going to breakfast, that it was the custom of the country to go, before eating said breakfast, to what they called "Congress Spring," and drink the waters. It is enough to say that I did so. I arrested my steps to the breakfast room, and went to the spring first. It was my first—it is my last—attempt to perform any similar feat. I witnessed several cretins, so misguided as to drink of it abundantly, but Nature was too strong in me to imitate their example. I regret that the only beautiful oasis of Saratoga lies around that spring; but I have since been unable to pass through that frightful ordeal in order to reach the oasis. Delicacy forbids me to mention the result of my foolish attempt to follow the customs of the country; but I may add, those results were frightful in their nature.

I passed my day in looking in the jewellers' windows, and in sauntering about devoured with *ennui.* But in the evening the moon came out, and I wandered, cigar in hand, towards the "Indian" encampment. The approach to it is by a hill, and at length I saw some country. On the left of this hill stretched an open, undulating country, fairly revelling in the light of a full moon. The quiet scene, only enlivened by the chirp of the cricket, had a soothing effect on the senses. Just then the organ in a neighboring Roman Catholic church broke the silence, and the accompanying chant of the singers added to the intensity of the effect. I would have delivered myself up gladly to the romantic impressions crowding on my soul had it not been for the peculiar aroma of Paddies which came steaming through the open windows of the church, to say nothing of the dozen dogs barking and snapping at the calves of the suspicious-looking stranger. The result was, that my romantic impressions were so considerably modified that I returned to the hotel with a perfect conviction of the truth of that saying, "There's no rose without a thorn;" undressed myself in disgust, and went to bed in despair.

The truth is, that if any body visits Saratoga for pleasure, he, she, or it will be disappointed. It is only for cretins and invalids; in other words, it is a remedial institution, and that's all. I am assured by physicians that the lives of *bon vivants* are here pro-

longed. The waters carry off the carbon that has been accumulating in the system during the winter, and prepares them for another winter's campaign. Idiotic young men and coquetting young girls may derive some little entertainment in going through the ordeal of what is called flirtation; but for other than remedial purposes—to persons of strong, healthy minds, at least—Saratoga is a nullity.

PERTINENT INQUIRIES.

Is a republic in reality a Utopia? If not, *what* is the cause of the inefficiency and laxity of our Government? I understand that the problem to be solved in political science is, the greatest amount of freedom consistent with security and protection. But if that freedom is to be purchased at the expense of life and property, the price, in my humble estimation, is entirely too dear. I confess to being no proficient in political science. I am merely a student of physiology; but of what avail is it to study a man's physical constitution, when his political constitution is all out of sorts, and I meanwhile get knocked on the head *ab externa?* As a mortal, therefore, and as a member of this community—as an American born, and with that natural love of country which prevents emigration, I should like to know *where* the fault lies, and *why*, if it be not in our institutions themselves, it is not remedied? Why are we at the mercy of "Short

Boys" and "Dead Rabbits?" If you say, Because scoundrels and corrupt men are in office, then, how did they get there? To take the simple case of the first officer of this metropolis. I am assured that, on the eve of the last election, the candidate gave utterance to a sentiment too gross to mention, and one that shocked the moral sense of the community; and yet he was elected, and has ever since held that position with the utmost effrontery; and now, notwithstanding the wish of every order-loving citizen, he is confident of reëlection. Why is this? If you answer, Because it is the will of the majority, then the majority are a set of scoundrels; and if so, the right of suffrage becomes any thing but a glorious privilege. But if it be not the will of the majority, *why* is that will paralyzed? Surely, if the fault does not lie in our institutions, it is high time it should be proved.

THE POLAR BEAR ABOUT TOWN.

I SHOULD like to know whether any one has any right to put a Polar bear on my sidewalk, directly in front of my door?—a very conspicuous, very white Polar bear—hailing from "Empire Hall, Arctic Regions." Can I sue the Arctic Regions, or must I bear with them, and be only thankful that they didn't put one on my door-step?

There's one thing certain, it is not only a *bear*-faced imposition, but it is also a great nuisance. In the first place, my little girl was half-scared out of her wits the first time she saw it; in the second place, every one who passes, turns round to look at it; and in the third place, there's a small boy with "a letter in the post-office," who constantly wants to know, every time I appear at the window, if I won't let him in for a cent—that being the whole amount of ready cash in his possession, according to his own account. Now, sir, am I to die without a struggle, under the

imputation of keeping a bear-garden? Am I daily to be hooted at by a crowd of "ragamuffins," and stigmatized as an "old bear, without any hair," merely because I won't let them in my house at a cent a head? No, sir; I can bear with it no longer. I am no bear-baiter, and I insist on this bear-nuisance being abated. The idea!—I to be a bear at home, when I'm —"a bull" in Wall street.

A FRENCHMAN IN NEW YORK.

SCENE.—*A room in a New York hotel.*

FRENCHMAN (*who has come to America to see the "institutions," and look after his "securities," gorgeously attired—soliloquizes.*)—By gar! I 'ave now been in dis dam city one tree days, and I 'ave lost aire my watch; I 'ave been w'at you call ze garrote, by w'at you call ze "Dedrabbits!"—ze Angleesh for Sepoy, eh? I 'ave had my hat knock-ed ovare my eyes. I 'ave one dam black eye. I am ver' meeserable. I am sick at my stomac' wid ze colics from w'at you call ze bockewhete cakes, and I feel ver' moche *ennui*. W'at shall I do wid myself? I 'ave one dam mind to shoot my brains, but ze pistol in zis countree wid w'at you call ze Colt revolve nevare go off. Ze pistol-man he tell me zat is nossing; zat he only hang ze fire. W'at ze tebble! By gar! ze pistol Americain am like ze people Americain—ze cap ovare you

eyes *tout le temps*, ze Amerique savage! By gar! it is diabolique. No *gendarmerie*, and wid ze Sepoys everywhere, I am ver' moche confuse in my head. Eh! by gar! I 'ave one idea, I will go back to ze France right away, *tout de suite, instamment.*—(*Packs up.*)

DEFECTS OF OUR POLICE.

If men were angels, the use or necessity of laws might be made matter for doubt; but as men happen to be only men, the efficiency of laws ought certainly not to be disregarded.

It is an established fact, that the wealth and welfare of a community depend on good and just laws efficiently administered; and this is easily illustrated. The property gained by honest industry should be protected; for who will labor while conscious that all his labor goes for naught, and that its fruits may be snatched from him with impunity by vagabonds too lazy to work?

Our present position is, to be sure, an unpleasant one. Misfortune has undoubtedly overtaken us. But there are two ways of meeting misfortune: one is, to lie supinely and endure it with the abject submission of cravens; the other, to rise manfully and meet it with the courage and energy of true men. But the

true cause of what we are at present suffering, politically, may be traced to apathy itself. Our very suffering is caused by our craven submission. If we would only bestir ourselves, investigate keenly, and act promptly and vigorously, we might soon put a stop to all this rowdyism and crime. What our Government wants, is sound, vigorous treatment; and lo! our Government would rise from the dead.

What, for instance, is wanting in one very important department—that, namely, of police? We want numbers, perhaps, but yet not numbers so much as discipline. Now, what is to prevent our having such discipline? Nothing under the sun but the craven submission of the rulers to be ruled. What is to prevent the Police Commissioners from ordering that policemen *shall not cease moving on their "beat" so long as they are on duty;* and not only to order it, but to *enforce* it? This is no time for mawkish squeamishness. The policeman knows the conditions of his service, and if he violates them, he ought to be punished as well as any other violator of the law. The policeman's physical inability to perform the conditions is no excuse whatever. He ought not to have undertaken them; or, if he has done so already, he ought to give notice, and send in his resignation. If it be in reality true that there are so many able-bodied men out of employment, the ranks can easily be reinforced, and it would be a great wonder if, out of so many of them, enough could not be found capa-

ble of enduring what *Englishmen can.* If, however, that be the case, let us import Englishmen; and as the Pope in Rome has a Swiss body-guard, so let us have an English police. Better be protected by an English police, than be the victims of American rowdyism.

There is no reason why we should not have an efficient police; and if we do not, *the fault lies with the citizens themselves.*

NOCTES NOVI EBORACI.

SCENE.—*The entry of a dwelling in the nineteenth century—half-past 7, P. M.—Mr. G. putting on his overcoat.*

WIFE.—Where are you going, dear?

Mr. G.—Just to take a little walk. I'll be back soon.

WIFE.—Have you got your pistol?

Mr. G.—I believe I have—yes, here it is!

WIFE.—And your dagger?

Mr. G.—Yes; I always carry that.

WIFE.—Well, don't forget your sword-cane.

Mr. G.—I won't, dear! Good night.

WIFE.—(*sobbing*).—Good night! Oh, dear! I do hope you'll *come* back safe. (*Exit Mr. G.*)

SCENE.—*Same dwelling*—8 *P. M.*

WIFE (*sobbing*).—I wonder why Edward don't

come home? I hope nothing has happened to him. (*Rising and walking about the room.*) Oh, dear! oh, dear! I'm so afraid! What's that? (*Opens the door and calls.*) James! *James!* has Mr. G. come in yet?

JAMES.—No, ma'am; not yet.

WIFE.—I thought I heard the front door shut.

JAMES.—No, ma'am.

WIFE (*closing the door and walking about the room again.*)—It is very strange! (*Looks at her watch.*) Five minutes past 8, and Edward not home! (*Calls James again.*)

JAMES.—Yes, ma'am.

WIFE.—When Mr. G. comes in, I wish you'd let me know.

JAMES.—Yes, ma'am. (*Exit James.*)

WIFE.—James! (*James returns.*) Suppose you look out the front door, and see if Mr. G. is in sight.

JAMES (*looks out of front door, and returns.*)—No, ma'am!

WIFE.—Oh! catch me, James. (*Faints. James catches her, lays her on the sofa, and rings the bell; servants all come up; house in uproar; lights moving from room to room, &c.*)

Mr. G. (*ascending stoop*).—I wonder what's the matter. (*Rushes into the house; rushes up-stairs; pistol drops, and goes off; general scream all around. Mr. G. rushes into the room; finds his wife in a dead faint, and the servants all huddled into a cor-*

ner.) What's the matter? (*Wife comes to; embraces husband; explanations. Mr. G. promises not to go out again after dark; and probably won't do so until we import that new English police.*)

A VISITOR FROM HADES.

Scene I.—Hades (*in the sense of a place of departed spirits*). *The shades of revolutionary heroes flitting indignantly about.*

First Shade.—What can be the matter with our descendants? After all the hardships and sufferings we have endured to give them freedom, they positively seem to be throwing it away.

Second Shade.—I'm sure I can't imagine. For some time past they seem to have been unable to govern themselves, and I have at last determined to go myself and learn the cause.

Scene II.—New York.—*Shade of Revolutionary Hero in cocked-hat, buckskin breeches and top-boots.—Meets a Short-Boy.*

Revolutionary (*stopping Short-Boy*). — Oh, my young friend, can you tell me——"

Short-Boy.—Ki, hi! what an old buffer! I say, old boy, who cut your coat?

Revolutionary.—Cease your profanity, you scoundrel, and answer my question, or I'll have you court-martialed for disobedience to orders.

Short-Boy.—Ha! ha!—orders! We don't stand no such talk here, now-a-days.

Revolutionary.—Sirrah!

Short-Boy.—Now, see here, none of yer sir-rees to me. You go home, or I'll punch yer head for you! I'd garrote you, if I thought there was any thing in those yellow breeches of yours; but that's an impossibility. So you'd better go home, and not meddle with the powers that be.

Revolutionary.—Why, you infernal scoundrel! Sergeant of the Seventy-sixth, put this ruffian in irons immediately.

Short-Boy.—Bah! what are you blowing about? Now you go home, if you don't want yer head punched.

Revolutionary.—Pshaw! I forget myself. Police! police!

Short-Boy.—Ha! ha! that's a good 'un. Perlice! Why, there ain't no perlice, now-a-days.

Revolutionary.—No police! What's that man over there, with buttons and a cap? Police! police!

(*Policeman, with hands in his pockets and a cigar in his mouth, turns round, and then deliberately walks off and joins another policeman, who, gaping and*

stretching, proposes "a drink," when both disappear in a neighboring cellar.)

SHORT-BOY.—Well, what do you think of the perlice now? And now I'm going to polish off yer topknot.

(*Attacks old Revolutionary, but finds he's got other stuff to deal with than modern flesh and blood, and soon gets "polished off" himself; after which the old Revolutionary marches off indignant, and returns to Hades.*)

SCENE III.—*Hades again.*

FIRST SHADE.—Well, what's the matter?

SECOND SHADE.—*A most decided want of discipline!* That's all.

FIRST SHADE.—And quite enough. Well, the only thing there for them is, to *suffer.* If they won't learn wisdom by *reason*, then let them learn it by *experience.*

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF NEWPORT.

Take the 5 P. M. boat from New York to Fall River; take a state-room, take a very bad tea, take a seat on the promenade deck, and take a look at the scenery; then request one of the "hands" to wake you up when you reach Newport; and then take your bed. The result of all this will be, that, just as you are in your soundest sleep, at 2 A. M. you will be waked up, will dress yourself in a very incoherent manner, and come down-stairs to find yourself in Newport, with a pair of swollen eyes and an instinctive desire to be back in bed again. After being hustled through a crowd of "pickpockets," as you are informed by the numerous bills posted about the landing, you will find yourself hustled into a coach; will be jolted about till you are wide awake enough to wonder when it will stop, and just as you arrive at that state of wonderment, the coach will stop, the door will open, and, if you are next to it, you'll tum-

ble out. Before you have time to say, "Is this Newport?" you will find a candle in your hand, and a sleepy black man showing you to your second roosting-place for the night. You go to roost, and wake up the next morning about 11 A. M., to open the window and see half a dozen niggers running about in an enclosure, knocking down chickens and then cutting off their heads with a most unparalleled and uncalled-for ferocity. This scene wakens you to the consciousness that you are eligibly roomed near the barn-yard appurtenances, and vividly suggests the idea that breakfast is a desirable item in existence.

The above is one of the ways of reaching Newport. There are other routes hither, but, as this was represented to me as the pleasantest, I of course chose this one.

Query.—What must the others be?

After taking so much pains to get to a place, one is prepared to expect some reward for his trouble. And this much I will say, that, for air and climate, I know of none more agreeable and bracing than that of Newport; also, that here we have napkins at breakfast, which we don't get at Saratoga (*a very important consideration, by-the-by, for the man who sports a moustache*). As for scenery, if an infinite number of hay-cocks and a boundless expanse of water constitute scenery, then Newport is unrivalled. With regard to the inhabitants, the indigenous Newporter is completely lost amid the horde of strangers that has

poured in from the North, East, South, and West. This introduction of a foreign element has considerably modified the character, habits, and customs of the primitive people of the place. The Newport rustic, if ever there were such a being, and which one is much inclined to doubt, on his first stroll through Newport, that interesting individual, the rustic—so captivating to the imagination of romantic young ladies, that "dear love of a shepherd with a crook,"—no longer exists here. The population consists almost entirely of city-breds, whose mornings are spent in dawdling about on the piazzas, or in the interchange of stiff visits; and their afternoons in riding or driving to the Fort, the Beach, the Glen, Bateman's Point, the Spouting Horn, or the Boat-House; while Sunday afternoon is devoted to a walk on "the Cliffs"—that excessively romantic feature of Newport, with its forty steps, and gates to keep out cows, and which are also equally adapted for keeping out another feminine specimen of animated nature.

I have been to three of the favorite daily places of resort—Bateman's Point, the Fort, and the Cliffs—and every ingenuous mind would, I think, award the palm to the "Cliffs." Indeed, if any one have a particle of sublimity in his nature, let him go to the "Cliffs" of Newport. As he stands on the highest of these precipitous steeps, he is apt to become very much awe-stricken; and if he gazes down into the giddy abyss beneath, the terrific grandeur of the scene makes him

feel so very dizzy, that he is obliged to retreat twenty or thirty feet from the verge, and refresh his tumultuous soul by the contemplation of a more level and undulating surface. Truly, it is no tame spectacle, that of looking down from an immense height of, say (let me see, there are twelve inches to a foot, twelve times twenty inches is) two hundred and forty inches; and then, when he dares to penetrate, with his excited eye, the dread abyss, to behold at the bottom the terrific whirl of the waters, the dashing, foaming, and roaring waves that must roll to the mountain height of six inches, and spatter him with their spray. The soul is undoubtedly very much inspired by such a scene, to say nothing of the courage evolved by running the risk of slipping into the frightful chasm, and perhaps tearing your pantaloons.

The Fort, *per se*, is undoubtedly a very grand work, but the going in the Fort, with its attendant circumstances, is a very bad business, in my estimation. As soon as you get inside, a very gruff soldier tells you to "get into line," when you find yourself part of a procession of carriages, horses, and wagons, all going in a circle round a small band of music in the centre of a grass-plot. My first round satisfied me, and I made an attempt to get out on reaching the gate. The attempt was in vain; a soldier with a gun forbade all exit, and I was positively obliged to spend two mortal hours in this menagerie, going round and round like a circus-rider, and feeling very much like a

caged hyena. But, of all absurdities, commend me to Bateman's Point. A stream of carriages rolls ceaselessly all the afternoon over a road guarded at intervals by about twenty gates. At each of these stands a ragged little urchin levying black mail. At the terminus, or "Point," the vehicles accumulate, choking all passage, when the occupants immediately turn their faces towards the sea, and sit staring like a parcel of idiots at the expanse before them. After doing this for an hour or so, they all go home in procession as solemnly as they came. To a stranger, witnessing this spectacle for the first time, the only impression is, that the crowd is performing the funeral obsequies of Neptune.

The evenings here are, of course, devoted to dancing. What amused, and at first somewhat astonished me, is the sway exercised over a portion of society by what are called the "fashionables." Thus living in the same hotel with them, you are easily enabled to analyze their pretensions; and the analysis only confirms the truth of the old saying, that "confidence rules the majority of the world."

By the aid of a little tact, these pretenders have assumed the power to dictate to, and exclude or admit into society. It is their confidence alone which gives them this pseudo-authority, for they possess neither intelligence, education, good-breeding, nor have they even the prestige of birth, being for the most part the grandchildren of persons who occupied an humble

sphere in life. Their rule, however, is, in fact, a limited one; their influence being exercised only over the feebler-minded of the community, who are imposed upon by display and pretension, and who forget that true nobility is courtesy itself. A part of the more intelligent and better-bred of the community are somewhat given to wondering at their impertinence, occasionally get up a little indignation on the subject; but their indignation is entirely misplaced. Any one may *assume* a "position," but it is not every one who *possesses* it; and these false pretenders are very easily dethroned, for they want the distinguishing characteristics of true nobility, viz., courtesy and kindness. The old motto of "*Noblesse oblige*" is a complete refutation of all their pretensions. For my own part, I never see them without being involuntarily reminded of the poor lunatic in his cell, who, with his pasteboard crown and sceptre of straw, imagines himself a king.

SARATOGA.

It is a fact, undoubtedly, that one may exist at Saratoga—but, on two conditions—an ability to sustain an intense degree of heat, and the possession of a frame not requiring the recuperative properties of sleep.

Had Hamlet been at Saratoga about the time he perpetrated that famous soliloquy of his:

> "Oh, that this too, too solid flesh would melt,
> Thaw and resolve itself into a dew," &c.,

I am fully persuaded that the world would have lost that pathetic piece of eloquence. Hamlet would, undoubtedly, have left off his black clothes, put on white, sipped cobblers through straws, and, as he wiped his face, have thought there was too much of a dew, without wishing to be thawed or resolved into more of a one.

And, as for sleep, he may justly be regarded with envy who can lose his consciousness amid the din of

bells ringing, locomotive screams, and rolling of ten-pins, to say nothing of—

> "Locking of locks,
> Striking of clocks,
> Crowing of cocks," &c.

By the by, I wonder why the cocks at Saratoga crow every night at one o'clock. Those roystering blades, in spite of their other numerous vices, generally go to roost and rise at seasonable hours in other places; but I suppose the lights in the ball-room keep them awake, and crowing is their only way of venting their spleen. Their only needing one leg to stand on while asleep, and requiring two when awake, has always been a source of wonder to me. One would think that when asleep, they would want all the legs they had.

Oh, dear! I am sick and tired of sand, milliners' shops, jewellers, and over-dressed women. I am dying for want of sleep, want of air, want of food, and want of scenery. I want to see mountains and lakes, running waters, red barns, and cows grazing in fair pastures. I want mountains especially. I remember once to have been in love with a mountain—it lay so fair and beautiful beneath the warm sun—not perspiring as I have seen mountains do, but fanned by cool breezes, with just enough of sun to take off the chill. I wanted to fling myself in its embrace, but,

unfortunately, my proportions were not sufficiently gigantic, so I was obliged to renounce the project.

There is one consolation, however—I am not alone in my misery. There is a band of suffering young ladies here. Young ladies dying for want of young gentlemen to dance with. Their hearts are broken, and their souls harrowed up by the dismal fact that dancing men are at a discount. Various schemes have been suggested to remedy this want, but thus far, alas! without success. A levy was made some time since on Sharon and other watering places, but a dreadful silence was the sole answer to the affecting appeal. Young men of the present day are not only revolting objects, but they are also in a state of revolt. The chivalry of America is fast dying out, at least to Saratoga's appeals, and soon those worthy members of society—fiddle-scrapers, cornet-blowers, &c.—will find their summer's occupation gone. But what is there that despair will not effect? Even cornered rats will turn, and cornered young ladies must have a "turn." In their dilemma, and as a forlorn hope, they came to me. I have always played second-fiddle; that is to say, when the younger men were away. I was "such a dear man," &c.; so, of course, I took them to the lake, or out walking, or bowled with them; but now I must not only play second-fiddle, but furnish them partners. The only idea that struggled through my obtuse brain was (and what I still consider a grand and appropriate one), that they should dance with one

another. This proposition was received with the most undisguised contempt. No, they must have men to dance with; that human being in tail coat, pumps, and trowsers. Being neither a married man, nor, if I were, such a Turk as to have forty sons, I was unable to alleviate their miseries. I gave up the problem; but I now remember having noticed a very mysterious smile flitting over the face of one of the ladies. The next day I was waited on by a very elegant man with a fiddle, who politely informed me that he was a dancing-master, and had been engaged to teach me the steps.

NEWPORT.

The man who comes to a Newport hotel in search of quiet, is about as great a victim of misplaced confidence as can well be imagined. In the first place, the quiet man is always put directly over the ball-room; and, in the second place, he receives all those little distressing attentions, called stares, which dressed-up automatons are in the habit of bestowing upon human beings. In fact, he runs a perfect gauntlet of stares. The young ladies are tortured to know who that quiet man can be that's always poking about by himself, and can only solve the mystery by determining he's either melancholy, or some nobleman in disguise, while the "tailor-signs" and the "barber-poles," after a minute inspection of his clothes and hair, set him down as some "seedy cus," and wonder "what the d—l he came to Newport for." If the quiet man be also a meek one, he can settle the question of the stares by slipping out a side-door of the hotel; but

the ball-room nuisance is another affair. The quiet man generally wants to go to bed early. He's had his tea, smoked his cigar, looked at the moon, and now he pulls out his watch, and thinks "it's about time to go to bed." That's all very well—it's easy enough to go to bed—but the thing is to get what you go there for. The music is banging away under him, and, when that stops, there's the infernal buzz of conversation peculiar to ball-rooms. The quiet man can't sleep. Up he gets—applies a bad epithet to his neighbors below; and, after muttering "Cursed fools!" several times, picks up a book. But who can read with a tune galloping in his head? He throws down his book, orders a bottle of ale, and, after smoking a cigar for a sedative, goes to bed again. He passes a night of delirious agony, dozes, and drops off, then pops straight out of bed as some shrill strain of music shrieks in his ear, and wakes up in the morning to find himself twisted up in the sheets, his pillow out of bed, and his head where his feet ought to be. He expostulates with the landlord, who, finding the quiet man is unpopular, and don't drink wine for dinner, coolly tells him he's sorry, but there's no other room vacant in the house. The next day the quiet man takes a mysterious departure, and the day after may be seen on the piazza of some quiet boarding-house, smoking his cigar, and moralizing on the vanities of human life.

These very vanities, however, so inimical to the

tastes and habits of the quiet man, seem, nevertheless, to constitute the sole condition on which a certain class of beings are contented to exist. This class consists of that small number of beings who "have nothing to do," and at the same time have no resources within themselves. To them, the principal one of these vanities—dancing—becomes the great occupation of their lives, and to this every thing else is subservient. Like watchmen and other night-laborers, they prosecute their calling in the night season, and like them devote the day to repose. The number of hours usually allotted to their occupation is five—from 10 P. M. to 3 A. M.—and during this time they labor with most extraordinary zeal. Their employment consists in forming temporary partnerships of either sex, and then rushing to the sound of music, from one end of a large room to the other, with a species of bobbing motion. The partnership is limited in point of numbers to two at a time, and is formed by the male first clasping the female around the waist; she then affectionately reposes one arm on his shoulder, when he, immediately seizing her disengaged hand, whirls her off into space with astonishing rapidity, and their occupation commences. Their exchange is called the "ball-room," though why, I am unable to discover, for the surface on which they occupy themselves, so far from being round or curved like a ball, is unusually level, and very unlike a ball. The name, however, may have been appropriated on account of

the bouncing properties of a ball, but then those would only apply to a ball made of some elastic substance; and then again, it's the dancer that bounces, and not the room.

I believe that Political Economy has not yet assigned any rank to dancing as an employment, but it must eventually come under the head of "Productive Labor," for it is certainly productive—of muscles in the legs—as any one can attest for himself by personal examination, and I am inclined to believe that the utilitarian destiny of this art is to enlarge the spindle shanks of a degenerate race. How frequently, indeed, do we see the lamentable and distressing-looking legs of many a youth grow and expand by a judicious course of society into substantial calves, until at length even the owner himself becomes one grand *calf*.

The mornings of the class "having nothing to do" are devoted to sleep, but they have other recreations and relaxations to fit them for their nightly occupation. The principal of these are breakfast and dressing; an hour is usually devoted to the former, for the delicate frame of the night-worker must be carefully treated—delicate tidbits to provoke the appetite are required, and these to be taken in minute proportions and with tact, that the palate may be properly tickled, and all the sensuous emotions duly gratified. After breakfast is the time for scandal, this being a wonderful digestive; and every one's character having been

sufficiently picked to pieces, the time arrives to dress for dinner. Dressing for this meal occupies at least an hour; the dinner takes two more, and then comes the drive. The drive is performed in elegant barouches, with the usual accompaniments—trappings, coats of arms, liveried coachmen, footmen, &c., while the gaping clowns and admiring crowd minister to the vanity of these exotics as they recline negligently in their elegant equipages. On their return, they commence preparations for the great business of their life. These highly concentrated essences of earth are now polished, plastered, moulded, and rouged by the waiting-maid or valet, and this task having occupied some three or four hours, they go to their exchange; and the next day eagerly seize the morning paper to find the report of their proceedings. The height of their ambition is to be immortalized as "regal," "queenly," "elegant," "charming," "sweet," or "pretty," and many a heart has been rendered sad, almost to breaking, at finding no mention of its name; so delicate is the construction of these creations, formed for the expressed purpose of "having nothing to do."

In addition to these relaxations, common to both sexes of this class, the males have three others—billiards, cards, and wine. As for their vices, that of the women is flirtation; of the men, the "tiger."

The "tiger" is an institution that ought to be abolished. It would be amusing to hear beardless boys asking one another, after the "German," if

they're "going to fight the beast to-night," if the question were mere bravado; but these young scapegraces do actually go, and, of course, sometimes get fearfully bitten. Gambling, when it is pure gambling, is nothing more than a trial of the chances, and may, in fact, be reduced to a science founded on the doctrine of probabilities. You make your calculations and depend upon chance, and so far the transaction is fair and honest. But gambling, as conducted at the different "dens," is not pure gambling, it is positively nothing but swindling; so that when a man says he's "going to fight the beast," he speaks the literal truth. He descends to combat with a rascally sharper, who, if he sees his victim has means, will allow him first to win, but pluck him in the end. I can easily understand how simpletons and boys are thus deluded, but what astonishes me is that men of good intelligence and good judgment in other respects should go and play the victim, and, still greater wonder! when the card only tells what the "sharper" had determined beforehand that it should.

It would be difficult to describe by mere words what a flirtation is. The French dictionaries designate it as a *mouvement perpétuel*, perpetual motion, I suppose, and a *flirt* they call *une évaporée*, or a giddy person, while the adjective for flirt, *folâtre*, means gamesome, frolicsome, wanton. I made an attempt to find out what it is by personal experience, but the only result was that I found myself sitting on

a piazza, away from every body else except the subject of my experiment; I heard a few unmeaning words, saw a pair of thirsty-looking eyes, and then, feeling very much like a fool, proposed we should get up and take a walk, when I immediately took her back to her friends and made my escape, fully convinced that there was "nothing in it," and that there was a great deal more fun in smoking. Since then, however, observation convinces me that there must be something in it, else it wouldn't cause so much unhappiness. The amount of it is, that the women have imbibed the notion from trashy foreign novels that they must have a lover or cavalier servant. The first thing to be done is to get married, the second to get a lover. The poor wretch of a husband, who has been dreaming about matrimonial felicity, suddenly finds another head thrust in between his and his wife's, and, having no ambition to wear the horns alone, he goes off himself to roam in other pastures. Of course, the home is unhappy, and society is the only endurable place left.

In short, the class "having nothing to do," have something to do after all, paradoxical as it may seem, and this envied race of mortals have their troubles as poignant as, if not more so than, the classes which envy them.

REFORMED RAKES.

The popular fallacy that "a reformed rake makes the best husband," is a peculiarly dangerous one on account of the predisposition of its victims. A young girl, naturally attracted by the tinsel and glitter of a rake, is very ready to avail herself of a proposition which reconciles her wishes with her prudence, and hence this pernicious maxim has caused an incalculable amount of mischief. Even if the proposition were true in itself, the difficulty in finding a rake who has actually *reformed* is so great, that it becomes of no practical use whatever, and serves only to mislead. It is a very nice and subtle question whether and when a rake has reformed—and, indeed, a *reformed* rake is an exceedingly *rara avis*, a very rare bird, indeed; still, allowing its possibility, and if a girl must have a rake, let her be sure that he is a reformed one.

But it is against all reason that a reformed rake

should make the best husband; if so, the best husbands constitute a very small class, and the majority of women are obliged to put up with something less than the best. Now, I contend that no man, to make the best husband, is obliged to go through a course of dissipation, and that no woman is to give a preference over an honest man to any such rascal of a rake. It is perfectly absurd on the very face of it. Besides, a *blasé*, worn-out rake, is in a very bad case physically. Even though the health of his soul be restored, he must still suffer in the body for his transgressions. No repentance can restore his body to its pristine state of health; and in a hygienic point of view alone, he certainly is not preëminently qualified to promote the supreme happiness of either his wife or offspring. I must confess it is more than I can discover, in what respect he is superior to the man who, having lived virtuously and uprightly, reaps the benefits of good, vigorous health, brings to his wife a pure, unsullied affection, and is a living institution to his children of the rewards and blessings consequent on a life of virtue and integrity.

No, it is an illusion that "a reformed rake makes the best husband," and a young girl had better have nothing to do with rakes of any kind, whether in process of formation, formed or reformed. Indeed, our young girls have much to answer for. If they would only exercise the influence they possess, there would be few rakes in society, and those few would be

obliged to sail in under false colors, instead of dashing in openly and boldly as they now do. If every girl would only repel the acquaintance of every known dissolute man, how soon would it be the fashion to be virtuous, sober, and manly. But, in the present state of society, all their influence seems to be thrown on the dissolute and worthless side; instead of repressing, they seem rather to encourage the natural depravity of man. Place a known dashing rake by the side of a modest man of worth, and how soon she makes her choice. The rake's manner is, perhaps, more elegant and fascinating than that of the other—but are virtue and integrity to be sacrificed to a mere superficial accomplishment? To mere manner she sacrifices the essence of true manliness, and she is herself more than half to blame for the other's awkwardness. One great secret of manner is confidence; and a little management on her part would soon convert awkwardness into ease; while the despised rake, shorn of his power, would shortly look ten times more crest-fallen than his rival did before. Yes, you young girls, you could fairly shame the rake out of society, if you only would. Why do you not? If you could only hear how these libertines talk of you after having whirled you about the room in those indecent dances, now so much in vogue, indignant pride alone would incite you to treat them with the scorn and contempt they so much merit. But you submit to their allowed embraces—at first with blushes, then come to like them and feel you

cannot be happy without this excitement, and finally become, alas! as great rakes at heart as they are in practice. How can you ever expect to get good, sensible, true men for your husbands, if you keep constantly dancing yourselves out of their good graces? Who wants you after your bloom is gone—not the mere bloom of flesh and blood, but the bloom of modesty, the great charm of woman, the real power she has over every true man? Learn, then, your real power, and instead of sinking yourselves to the level of mere rakes, perform your true destiny—that of elevating, refining, and ennobling man. Society needs reforming, and it is to you we look. You give it its tone, and it is your fault if it be vicious or frivolous.

But if you will tolerate rakes, if you must marry them, then, at least, patiently endure the consequences. Bear as you can with your husband's flirtations with other women. Sit up night after night, solitary and alone through the long hours, waiting—his greetings of tipsy levities. Endure as you can the tyrannical usage of a selfish being accustomed to gratify each base passion of his nature; but for heaven's sake descend not to follow his example. Bear the crown of martyrdom, but for heaven's sake add not to it the stigma of shame.

ARISTOCRACY.

In this country, thanks to its founders, we have no legitimate aristocracy. By the very conditions of our Constitution such an order of men is impossible. Supreme selfishness is not here allowed the privilege of getting "the higher seats of the synagogue" through the mere chance of "birth;" and this "de'il-take-the-hindmost" principle is not, at any rate, sanctioned by the Government. Indeed, were it not so, and on the supposition that we had a legitimate aristocracy, whence would its members derive their origin? Our nation is but a little over one hundred years old, and that is hardly a sufficient antiquity on which to ground a respectable reputation for ancestry. Why, the descendant, in many cases, would have the privilege of conversing with the original ancestor in the body. That would never do; and if we wanted an indigenous aristocracy, we would be obliged to hunt up an Indian pedigree. But what reasonable man could

be rationally proud of a descent from a tattooed savage —a naked, painted demon, with a hatchet in one hand, and a tuft of feathers on his head? A wretched object who rushes howling about the wilderness like a loon would make a fine progenitor for some illustrious line of militia colonels and bogus State governors.

We are afraid we would have to renounce the indigenous aristocracy, and begin a new one of our own. In fact, our true aristocracy would consist of the descendants of our revolutionary heroes. To those grand men do we owe our national existence, and of such an aristocracy no one could feel ashamed. Poor and humble though they may have been, still they were men—true, earnest, determined men; and if we had such an aristocracy—one composed of men who lived up to the teachings, and followed the examples of such ancestors—we might well be proud of them. But the Declaration of Independence and our Constitution did away with all such distinctions, and the *theory* is that we have no aristocracy in this country. Yet, what is the *fact?* It is a very lamentable one, that though we have no legitimate aristocracy, we have most decidedly a *pseudo* one.

Ridiculous, too, as it may appear, there is also a silent strife going on between two contending factions for the superiority—between what are called "the old Dutch families" and a class of wealthy "parvenus," who can trace back as far as their grandfathers. On analyzing their pretensions, we find that the "old

Dutch families" have an antiquity of about two hundred years on which to found their claims; while the "parvenus" depend on their wealth and on what they call their "manors"—the possession of a "*manor*" necessarily conveying with it the possession of a *manner*. The "Dutch families" being, for the most part, a quiet and unobtrusive class, rather have the worst of it; and though we by no means intend to insinuate that all Dutchmen are angels, still, there is room for the line that "fools rush in where angels fear to tread," and so the "parvenus" have obtained the superiority of pre-occupation. That neither of these two classes constitute the aristocracy, is proved, and always will be proved, by the Constitution itself—or, to speak plainer, where there can be no aristocracy—an apophthegm which ought to satisfy even Bunsby.

But in any other country, where aristocracy is allowed, they would be in a most deplorable plight. Two hundred years make but a small account in old countries, and at the beginning of that small period the "old Dutch families" would find only some Dutch burgher—a short, fat man, in small clothes, cultivating a cabbage garden, and with very unrefined tastes for bad tobacco and sour-krout. As for the "parvenus," a Methodist parson, in the time of the American Revolution, may have been a very estimable and worthy individual, but he could hardly flourish with any degree of magnificence on a genealogical tree, not even though he may have acquired a little property

by fortunate speculations, nor though it may have increased with the progress of the country, till his descendants were enabled to purchase a tract of ground and call it a "manor"—a singular "manor," that, which had its origin in no tenure. As well might you call a cabbage garden or a cow pasture a "manor."

The fact is, that we have no conventional aristocracy in the country. The true nobilty of the American is founded on his personal qualities; and, there being no titles in this republic, he is, in reality, the peer of the proudest noble in Europe. His true strength lies in his *manliness*, *self-reliance*, and true *independence of character;* in his courtesy to others and freedom from selfishness—all personal qualities, the true nobility of nature—the patent, from God, not from a mere mortal, of nobility. Taking this stand, we need not be ashamed to compare ourselves with other countries; but, if we accept as our standard that of other nations, we must fall. At the most, we are but two centuries old, and then spring from the humbler classes. But we acknowledge no such test of superiority or antiquity: we confide only in personal qualities. We are not to be conquered by the mere chance of birth. The laborer should not hang his head merely because he is a laborer. Shame on the very thought! He is noble for his labor. Let him be frank, open, and self-possessed—let him be a gentleman. A man is not necessarily a gentleman, because

he has white hands and does not work in any way. Such a man is but an effeminate idler. The idea that idleness is gentility, is a false one. If it were true, we would acknowledge it as a truth; but then we would say it were a shame to be a gentleman; but it is false, and ought therefore to be rooted out.

Let, then, the American gentleman strive no longer to bolster himself up with a conventional ancestry. Let him feel the truth that he is no mere dependant on a king for his gentility. Let him stand on his own foundation, and prove his gentility by his personal nobility and quiet self-respect. Such, indeed, should be the American gentleman—no creation of a king, but what he has made himself.

CATS.

A CAT, to speak categorically, is a *cat*, and to speak zoologically, it's a *felis catus*. But what's a "*felis catus?*" Were I to adopt the usual dictionary treatment of most words, I would define a "*felis catus*" to be—"a cat;" but as I wish to speak intelligibly, and have more respect for people's understandings than to consider them mere shuttlecocks, to be bandied back from one definition to the word they started from, I shall attempt to give a slight idea of what a cat really is. A cat, then, appears to me to be a sort of furry animal on four legs—that is, on two fore-legs and two hind-legs—having pointed ears, whiskers, a long tail, and any number of fleas. It is an animal of singular tastes, the most singular of which is that of being fond of a pural noun—viz., mice. It has likewise the faculty of getting its back up. To produce this latter phenomenon, you have only to place the palm of your hand on her head, and then move it gently (not her

head, but your hand) towards her tail. You will be immediately gratified with your success, and which will also be accompanied by a very singular noise, called a "purr." The cat's traits are of a decidedly stealthy order. She not only steals every thing eatable that she comes across, but she has been known to even steal herself—out of the room on being caught in the act, so strangely developed is this instinct in this animal. When kept at bay, she screws up her nose, emits a sort of hissing sound, and then strikes out with her fore-feet, as much as to say, "*Pause* and consider." Her principal object in life appears to be that of getting fat; and once attained, singular to say, she does not cease in her efforts, but only tries to get fatter.

In short, the cat is a comfortable, luxurious animal that every one "ought to have in the house," especially if there are mice around, but more especially if you have to lock up the house every night. What the locking up of a house can have to do with a cat may seem mysterious, yet it's an easily-explained mystery. A cat is a social animal; it is also a comfortable-looking creature, with its soft fur and lazy eyes. Now, to go down into a lonesome kitchen every night, when every body is in bed, I consider something of a feat. In the first place, the door at the bottom of the kitchen-staircase has got to be opened; and simple as that operation may appear, it is in reality a most formidable undertaking, particularly so if it happens

to be about three o'clock in the morning, with the servants in bed for hours, and your relatives in the same condition, up two or three flights of stairs.

The idea of loneliness that you first experience, as you stand with your hand on the door-knob, is any thing but exhilarating. It is a mere idea, perhaps, but still one that you can't get rid of, at least, not till the next idea comes—that, viz., of companions. This is still more distressing. Surrounding space is immediately peopled with—mere ideas, perhaps, but still to the mind vivid realites, and of a most disagreeable character. Ideas of people who know no distinction between "meum" and "tuum," and who have no particular regard for your individual welfare. Reason, aided by the light of your lamp, soon corrects these illusions in a measure. You can see as far as the top of the stairs, and there's nobody on hand in that quarter; but then you're at the bottom of the staircase, and that staircase door intercepts the rays of light in that direction. Perhaps but a plank intervenes between you and—the deuce knows what. You reassure yourself by saying, "Paugh!" but though you've said "paugh," still you don't open the door. The silence becomes still more intense—an ominous, foreboding silence. "What the mischief was that?" You heard, perhaps, a mouse in the cupboard, yet you've a great mind to go up-stairs at an incredible rate of speed; but you nevertheless say, "Fiddlesticks!" and instinctively feeling that suspense is

worse than actual danger, boldly push open the door. It is at such a moment that you appreciate your cat, if you have one. Indeed, I know of no more reassuring spectacle on such occasions than that of a comfortable-looking cat, who has been lying, perhaps for hours, at the foot of the staircase, patiently waiting a chance to get up into the dining-room. There she lies, the perfect picture of repose—or, if you are kind to her, she rises, and, after stretching herself in the most self-possessed manner, comes and rubs off some of her superfluous fur on your trowsers. This latter operation convinces you that she is no spectral cat, and the mind is thus both soothed and diverted. You have now only to pat her gently on the head and say, "Poor pussy," and a community of feeling is immediately established. She relinquishes all ideas of the dining-room, follows you about as you look to see that all is safe; and, to bid her "good-night," all you have to say is "Scat!" and off she goes with a bound.

On the whole, I think every body ought to have a cat in the house, and they ought, moreover, to treat her kindly. Poor puss has been hitherto a very much neglected member of the community, and prompt measures should be taken for the amelioration of her condition. "Every dog has his day," and I'm sure I can see no reason why the same sentence should not apply to puss.

FITZJONES JONES.

A SKETCH.

Fitzjones Jones made his first appearance in public life at a "select infant schol." His aunt is, to this day, very fond of relating that he was such a pest at home that they sent him to school at the early age of eighteen months, and how that he was such a pest at school that his teacher sent him home again before he had been there two hours. The consequence was, that a private tutor was procured, and Fitzjones was rapidly advanced in the mathematics and classics. At the age of ten years, however, he was still an inhabitant of the nursery—a circumstance that so galled his aspiring soul, that he actually conceived the idea of making a *felo-de-se* of himself for the express purpose of getting more enlarged views than the nursery window afforded. His reason, however, overpowered the curiosity of his inquiring mind; for having learned that

his body, after death, would be placed in the ground, there to become the prey of worms, he naturally concluded that the space to move about in would be still more restricted there than in the nursery, and that it was infinitely preferable to resist the encroachments of "worms," while living, than to be their passive victim when dead; so Jones lived. Still, he did not remit his endeavors to get into society, and dreams of freedom from the restraints of the nursery continually occupied his imagination. The time at length came for Fitzjones to go to college; and after "four years of indescribable mental torture," as he always designated his collegiate experience, he was released—and went into society.

It is hardly necessary to state that Fitzjones Jones was disappointed. That state of freedom so eagerly longed for, proved in reality to be a state of boredom. Jones was astonished. He had read of the ease and polish of refined society, of its gaieties, and of its innumerable fascinations. Those fascinations were certainly innumerable, for Jones couldn't find one to count. Its well-bred polish and ease proved to be only varnished stiffness. As for its gaieties? Fitzjones, as he asked himself this question, felt that he had smiled for the first time since he had gone into society. There is something in the word "gaieties," of itself, suggestive of smiling, but Jones felt that he smiled at the ridiculous incongruity of the word as applied to gaiety. "Can such things be?" thought Jones. "I am more surrounded by conventionalities,

I am more hemmed in, more restricted, than I ever was in the nursery. There must be some mistake; and this cannot be the best society in which I move." Jones prosecuted diligent inquiries on this subject, but the result was, there was no mistake—Jones did move in the "best society." But Jones had a liberal and inquiring mind, and a fearless, independent spirit. The consequence was, that the platitudes of society bored him, and their restraints disconcerted him. He was always "doing something vulgar"—as, for instance, he would express his honest opinions, and would speak to estimable persons in the street, even if they did happen to be poorly dressed. Jones was indubitably wrong. It is the coat which makes the man, not the man the coat; and it is the man's coat which ought to be talked to, not the man in the coat. Society was right, and the result was that Jones, being incorrigible, found himself put down, ignored—in short, annihilated. Singular to say, this did not annoy him in the least—on the contrary, he found in it matter for congratulation, for "as birds of a feather flock together," Jones, being no longer of that flock, was no longer a bird of that feather; and as he had found them to be nothing but feather, he was very well content not to rank in any such category. He also had the sense not to become declamatory and demonstrative on the subject, but quietly rose (fell?) into the sphere appointed him by nature. "Why, indeed?" said he, "should I interfere with these peo-

ple? Let them enjoy themselves in their way: I will do so in mine. It is all well enough, perhaps. People who can neither think nor talk, must nevertheless do something; and, if they can do nothing else, there is no reason why they shouldn't pass their time in dressing and inventing new fashions of clothes, in dancing and getting warm, and even uncomfortable, since they enjoy it, in crowded rooms." To be sure, it seemed a singular way of enjoying oneself to Jones; but then, as he said, "Monkeys take delight in scratching themselves raw, parrots in unintelligible screeches, peacocks in exhibiting their feathers, jackdaws in borrowed plumes, &c., &c., and why should I interfere and dictate *how* they should enjoy themselves." So Fitzjones quietly withdrew from society, and, in the company of his books and a few congenial friends, enjoyed himself in his own way.

As his knowledge increased, however, his desire for more enlarged points of view also increased; so he went "abroad." Among other inquiries, he sought the type in the "old country" of "our best society" at home, and he found it. He found it in England, among the "middling classes." There was the same punctilious regard for conventionalities—the same formal, varnished stiffness—the same old boredom.

When Jones returned again to his native land to see his old friends and renew old associations, he returned with all the *eclat* of having been "abroad," and was again invited into "society." Jones, however,

mentioned none of his experience, but, at the same time, politely declined the honors showered upon him. He passed the remainder of his days among his old friends, leading the quiet life of a "man of letters," and finally did what all, high or low, must do at some period or other—he died.

BABIES.

Martin Farquhar Tupper, in his "Proverbial Philosophy" (*an imposing citation, by the by*), saith that "A babe in the house is a well-spring of pleasure." Had he said *his* babe, it might have been true; but *a babe* includes the babe as a race. I deny, most positively and unqualifiedly, that *my* babe is a well-spring of pleasure. To be sure, he's got enough *spring* in him, but then again he's never well—at least so my wife says; and, indeed, she accounts for his numerous little eccentricities by the pathetic appeal of "Baby's so sick!"—and so am I. If ever I were sick of any thing in this world, it's of that confounded baby of mine. There he sits, staring at me now with his vacant eyes—a perfect well-spring of slobber and inarticulate sounds. Put him in the crib, and he's perpetually crying; and if he falls out of it, he only cries the more. He's never contented, either with his lot or his cot.

My only consolation is in his future growth. Notwithstanding he's all *groan* now. They say that when he's grown up, he'll be more pacific in his tendencies; that he won't have so many colics, and that I won't have so many sleepless nights. But, in the interim, while the baby's growing, what am I to do? Am I to be sacrificed to his necessity of growth? Is there no hot-house bed, where he may be forced into length, in place of cribs, where he can't be forced into supineness? If he were a girl, I'd make him "a daughter of the regiment," but, being a boy, that, of course, is impossible. Every morning that boy wakes me up at four o'clock, by sticking his finger in my eye. If I spank him for it, he cries; but if I don't, he sits on my breast, grinning like a young hyena, shouts "Papa," and then makes a dive for my nose. After sufficiently recreating himself in this pastime, he generally winds up by pulling my hair out by the roots, and—I spank him; for there's a limit to human endurance. His mother, so far from being my ally, smothers him with kisses, and tells me I am "so cruel!" When I was a bachelor, I used to *smash* the flies that bothered me in the morning, and this human fly I only spank; yet am I condemned by its mother, who hugs the squalling brat, and delivers herself of an idiotic address to the infant, the burden of which is, "Naughty papa! Did a naughty papa 'hip 'e 'ittle baby? Naughty papa! S'all mamma 'hip naughty papa?" with similar interesting interrogatories in a similar dialect. A pretty

example that to set before a child! Bah! I'm sick of "'e 'ittle baby." One day he falls down-stairs, another day he swallows a pin; sometimes he's got the measles, sometimes the scarlet fever, and sometimes the mumps. At present, he's in daily expectation of the whooping-cough. What a hullaballoo we'll have then! Not content with whooping all through his hitherto short career, he intends to introduce a cough—probably a hollow, reverberating cough. A horrible idea suggests itself. Could I ever have been a baby? could I ever have gone through a course of *sprouts?* There's one thing certain, I'm going through a course of them now. Happy, indeed, the lot of the bachelor, whose second childhood is postponed to a later period of his existence! whereas, the married man endures a second childhood in his prime; and may all bachelors take warning by me, and, in shunning the Charybdis of single life, not run upon the Scylla (silly) alternative of marriage.

MY WATCH.

I HAVE a watch, or rather a watch-case—
For what's a watch with no regard for time?
What good's a watch that goes but when it wills?
Not much, I think. 'Tis true, it may be good
For ornament, if that it be of gold,
As my watch is; and hath a pictured face,
As my watch hath—though 'tis a lying face
With lying hands, which point to lying hours.
Sometimes, beguiled by this same lying watch,
With its fair face and lying, slender hands,
I up do rise, thinking it's breakfast-time,
To find that I am full two hours too soon,
And yet not full inside, but very gaunt,
For that's an empty, weary time to wait,
That doth precede the hour of breakfasting.
Again, deceived by this infernal watch,
I lie in bed too long, and then I rise
To find a scolding wife, and coffee cold.
And yet 'tis I who always bear the blame—

The lying, ticking watch gets off scot-free.
How frequent this the case o'er all the world—
The smooth-faced, lying cheat goes still " on tic,"
While his unwilling tool bears all the blame.
My watch has an escapement called " duplex ; "
'Tis true, for it's duplicity itself,
And doth escape from punishment deserved.
Besides, its golden case, eight jewels, too ;
And yet this watch is never up to time ;
But, when the right time comes, wants more or less,
And all the compensation that I get,
Is " compensation-balance," as 'tis called.
And so my watch, as 'tis a lying watch,
A lying " compensation-balance " gives.
It's but a watch that's only fit for show,
For those to wear who lead an idle life ;
But as for me, who am no idle man,
An idle watch is but an idle thing,
And I would gladly give this watch away
For what I gave for it—indeed I would.
And if there any be who stand in need
Of such a watch, to merely wear for show,
Why, I will gladly part with it to him,
And give him what he wants and what I don't.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ONE FRITZ.

WHETHER I ought to write my autobiography may be a question; but there is one thing certain, to make it my autobiogaphy, I ought to write it myself, and, as this is my autobiography, I now begin it with the letter I.

I was born at a very minute period of this world's history: it being now over six hundred thousand minutes since I first saw the light, and having been fourteen thousand minutes in existence previous to witnessing that phenomenon, I have now consequently attained the very respectable age of six hundred and fourteen thousand minutes. I have no recollection of either my father or mother, having been removed from their protecting care several thousand minutes before I opened my eyes, so that, should I ever meet with them again, I could not, of course, very well recognize them. I have every reason to believe, however, that I am of a good family; for, notwithstanding my ad-

vanced age, I am exceedingly small, am beautifully formed, and, what is the most indubitable proof of all, I possess a set of nerves which keep me constantly on the verge of distraction. The least noise—from the creaking of a boot to the dropping of a pin—will so disturb and shatter my entire nervous system, that it takes whole minutes, and numbers of them, too, for me to recover my equanimity. Indeed, I am finer bred than I want to be, and would give any thing to be less of a gentleman than I am. As for my complexion,

> "I am neither a white, black, nor yellow man,
> But a sort of a mixture of black and tan."

Yet I am neither a Hottentot, nor a Kamtchatkan, nor a Caffir savage, nor am I a Calmuck Tartar; and though very fond of rats and puppies, still I am no Chinaman. I certainly am no Patagonian; and, though not from Lilliput, still I might be called a lilliputian. In short, I am small, well-bred, and of a black-and-tan color.

As I have already said, I was taken from my parents at an early age. When I first saw the light, it was very much modified by coming through the window of a stable. Yes, well-bred as I am, I first saw the light in a stable; and every one who has ever seen the windows of a stable can readily imagine how light may be modified in passing through such a medium. The first thing I did was to whimper, and the first words I ever heard were, "Come, now, dry up." Not

being as yet very well versed in the English tongue, I did not "dry up," and the first thing I felt was what I afterwards learned to be "a crack on the head." This being repeated at intervals, I soon practically learned the meaning of the imperative mood of the verb "to dry up," as well as one of its past tenses, "having dried up." I remained in this stable during what then appeared to me to be an eternity, but which I have since found out was but a portion of my time, viz., about fifteen hundred minutes. Par parenthesis, being minute myself, it will be easily understood that all my ideas of time are likewise minute.

One minute, a gentleman came to buy a very "small dog" for a lady. I was immediately pulled out by the nape of my neck, and thus received my first intimation that I was a "very small dog," though since then I have had only too frequent intimations of the fact. I was then carefully wrapped up and given to the gentleman, who carried me to his house. On arriving there, I was uncovered, and, before I had time to look about me, I heard a great many voices, all crying out at once, "Oh, do let me see him!" "Oh, the dear little fellow!" "Oh, the dear little pet!" "Oh, isn't he sweet!" "Oh, you dear little duckey!" "Oh, you dear little dovey!" and, at the same time, felt myself pounced upon and kissed, and pulled here and pulled there; and, what with "Oh"-ings, and the kissings and the pullings, my nervous system completely gave up the ghost, and off I went

in what I have since learned to be a "fit." When I recovered, I found myself lying snugly wrapped up in cotton, and, on raising my head, I heard a gentle voice say, "Hush-sh-sh-sh!" This mysterious noise nearly set me off again; but its gentle tone reassured me, and by degrees I was enabled to receive all the little endearments that were lavished upon me, though to this day I am in considerable doubt as to whether I'm a "duckey" or a "dovey." It makes little difference, however, what I am, for up to the present hour I have had a very pleasant time of it. To be sure, I have occasionally suffered from colics, after a surfeit of rich cakes and sweetmeats, and am supplied at intervals with a most odious and disgusting mess of what is called "castor oil," and which, though I invariably refuse it, am obliged, for some reason or other, to swallow *nolens volens*. But these are petty grievances to what I now endure, and my life, on the whole, has been, I consider, a very prosperous one. But now comes my first and real grief. I was jumping from a chair, only about a thousand minutes ago, when, my foot catching, I fell over, and broke my leg just above the knee. Since then I have suffered the most inconceivable *ennui*, and arising from a variety of circumstances. In the first place, my young mistress would not consent to leave me to the care of Nature, but has had, by our old family doctor, my poor leg encased in cardboard, and bound around with sticking-plaster, the very smell of which makes me sick. In the second

place, she don't pet me as much as usual, for fear of hurting my leg. In the third place, I don't get any more cakes or sweetmeats; and, in the fourth place, they keep me still all the time, and won't let me move about—altogether a state of affairs entirely obnoxious to my disposition. It is bad enough to have only three legs to run about on; but not to have the use of any, is perfect torment; and then, whenever I sat up, to have one leg constantly sticking out, as though I were making a speech. Oh, it was too much! The consequence was, that I got "obstropolous," wouldn't keep quiet, and was finally clapped into a box called my "house." I was immured in this box a whole night, and spent the time in alternately howling and bumping my head in trying to get out, until finally, exhausted, I fell asleep. On waking in the morning, my feelings were any thing but satisfactory. In my efforts to get out I had scraped the skin off my nose, and had raised the most frightful phrenological developments on my head. The bump of meekness, in particular, seems to have been extensively enlarged, for since then I have felt very much subdued and more tranquil. I still suffer from *ennui*, a sore nose, and a headache, but I have obtained a more philosophic frame of mind. I pass my time in meditating on the instability of black-and-tan terriers' legs, and, after much reflection, have come to the conclusion that I still prefer cake and sweetmeats to mush and milk, and most sincerely hope I may never break my leg again. FRITZ.

TEN THOUSAND MINUTES AFTER.

BEING a heading after Dumas' *friend's* "Twenty Years After," and a sequel to the "AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF OUR FRITZ," or, in other words, a sequel to a sequel—for what is the sequel of a dog but his tail, and what was the "AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF OUR FRITZ" but the tale of a dog?

Time is a singular institution, and so is ether; but what either time or ether can have to do with my autobiography may seem equally singular, so I must explain. Time I consider a singular article in respect to its products, or what it may bring forth. For instance: I had obtained a very philosophical frame of mind about ten thousand minutes ago, and which I had resolved to preserve—indeed, it was the only preserve allowed me, sweetmeats having been prohibited. Yet, in spite of my resolution, that modifying agent of Time must come in and destroy all my calculations; for only five thousand minutes after I had made them,

they were all brought to naught (0)—though I still continued to "carry one" (*id est*, broken leg). Five thousand minutes of time brought that confounded surgeon, whom I never see without experiencing a sinking sensation, precisely as though I was utterly gone and most completely done for. On this occasion, however, I had no sooner sunk away into annihilation, than I was immediately brought to by seeing his basilisk eye fixed on my broken leg. I heard him say, "It must be re-set." I rallied, gave a feeble yell of defiance, and then made off as fast as my three legs would carry me. Alas! the door was shut. I then slunk under the sofa, put my tail between my legs, dropped my ears, and strove to make myself invisible. It was useless. His infernal glance followed me everywhere; his eye became microscopic, and seemed to magnify me. I felt that I was growing larger and larger, until I seemed to monopolize the whole room. Three of the mercenaries now arrived. I howled and yelled, but my howls and yells fell only on my own ear. I was surrounded and pounced on by about forty fingers, was carried up-stairs into a sort of a cock-loft, and then laid on a table. I looked beseechingly towards my young mistress, but she was immediately requested to take her departure, and—she made it. Forty fingers now seemed to be ubiquitous. I saw cardboard cut up without the slightest compunction. Sticking-plaster in profusion followed the same fate. A quantity of paste was brought in a saucer, and then

eight eyes were turned on me. There was a low, muttering consultation, and I felt that there was a conspiracy against me. The next moment I was placed howling on a batt of cotton, and then I smelt one of the most disagreeable smells I ever smelt in my life. I had hardly commenced to wonder what it could possibly be, when I felt a towel clapped over my nose, and discovered, to my disgust, that I had the most full and ample opportunities of gratifying my curiosity. I howled and yelled, and yelled and howled, but I couldn't escape that smell. It seemed to penetrate my very bones, and I felt it to the very tip end of my tail. It got into my brain, and whirled through it with a perfect looseness—through cerebrum and cerebellum, and cerebellum and cerebrum—until I finally lost all consciousness. When I came to life again, I was gnashing my teeth, and there was that infernal smell again. It positively seemed to pervade me. I gasped and choked, and bit my tongue. Cold water was thrown in my face, and it was some time before I again recovered the use of my senses. I was then taken to my mistress, and she who used to call me her "beauty," now saw me with my hair on end, my eyes sticking out of my head, and my mouth covered with froth. I was washed and soothed and petted. The smell finally left me, and then I learned that it was—ether.

One of the most singular effects of this ether is, that my leg, which was nearly free from that odious

bandage, is now as stiff as a poker, and so hidden in cardboard and plaster that it is completely invisible. The doctor, too, says it must remain so for six weeks. Alas! I am a prey to the most melancholy reflections; for I feel that I shall carry all this cardboard to the grave with me, and shall never see my poor leg again! Six weeks! Over sixty thousand minutes! I feel perfectly convinced that ether is a most atrocious scoundrel of the lowest order, yet can wish him no worse punishment than that of being cognizant of his own smell.

FRITZ.

CITY GOVERNMENT AND ELECTIONS.

1858.

Now that the election is over, I should like to offer a few suggestions. One of them, perhaps, is, in a measure, prophetical, and with that one I begin.

The Republican party has succeeded, but what will it gain? Nothing!—that is, nothing of its professed object. The object of that party, I believe, is Reform! Please mark my words—*There will be no reform!*

Another suggestion is, that it is not so much a change of men in office that we want, as *a change of system.* A change of men will produce no more effect with our rotten system, than would the substitution of an honest, faithful engineer for an inefficient one in the charge of a rotten boiler. Indeed, the effect would be very similar in either case. The good engineer would be blown up with the rotten boiler, and the good poli-

tician will be blown up with the rotten system. So I would suggest that we *reform the system*, though I would by no means be supposed to consider the latter suggestion as at all prophetical. No, sir; the good time may be coming, but it is not quite yet.

I will wind up what you may call these very extraordinary suggestions by one perhaps still more extraordinary, to wit: That all quiet, respectable citizens should for a future (at present) indefinite period waive their right of voting. In other words, not vote at all. The effect of this will be, that the scoundrels will have the absolute power. The boil will come to a head, and, to follow up this rather inelegant simile, we will then get at the core of the matter.

It seems to require a great pressure to rouse us from our lethargy. All the pressures hitherto brought to bear have proved utterly ineffectual. But I am still in hopes that good, vigorous treatment may remove the disease, and I can conceive of none that would prove so effective as an old-fashioned, *bonâ fide* anarchy.

ON DUELLING.

Of all the detestable and abhorrent practices that disgrace the annals of civilized man, duelling is the most absurd and unnecessary. Founded as it is on a mean sentiment of revenge, and only sustained by a false code of honor, there is not a single word that can be said in its favor. It can only be looked upon as a device of the devil's—a most exquisite piece of mechanism invented by him, and the greatest triumph of which is to inflame the pettiest misunderstanding into one of the greatest crimes—viz., that of lifting one's hand against the life of a fellow-being.

A man has his toes trodden on, or his nose pulled. "Whew!" says he, "that man trod on my toes. Whew! I must have satisfaction." He goes home, strikes himself on the chest, and indites a formidable letter, called a "challenge." He then involves a friend in the difficulty, and the missive reaches the offending party. That individual occupies a compara-

tively pleasant position in the whole affair. He has committed the offence in the first instance, and he now has the privilege of choosing whatever mode of satisfaction he pleases. He has, in fact, the choice of every thing—choice of weapons, of time, and of place. He reads the challenge, lights a cigar, and then, complacently stretching himself on a lounge, quietly considers what weapon he is most expert in—whether pistols, rifles, small-swords, bowie-knives, or harpoons, if he chooses. He makes his choice deliberately, makes up his mind deliberately, picks his teeth deliberately, and then goes out and deliberately picks down his man.

The offended party, who had his toes trodden on, has meanwhile gone through a course of correspondence which of itself must have been a great bore, and is ultimately carried off the field with his honor appeased, and a mark carved on him to commemorate the fact, having had his head hacked with a broad-sword, or a hole drilled in him with a pistol-ball, or been harpooned—his sole consolation being that he's had "satisfaction." He has certainly had a variety of experience, and very evidently quite enough of it; but what bothers us is, in which of these experiences he found the "satisfaction." The dictionary says that a duellist is "a single combat." *We* should say he's a born fool. The word "courage," too, is frequently used in connection with "duelling." There can be no doubt that the majority of duels are fought, not so much on the essential principle of the duel, for retalia-

tion, as from the mere fear of appearances—the fear of being considered a coward. But what is this in itself but sheer cowardice—the fear of what a miserable mortal like ourselves may say of us? Duelling is indeed no test of courage. Known cowards have stood the duellist's fire; and the Christian martyrs who were consumed by a more dreadful fire at the stake, could hardly have been wanting in courage, even though they would have undoubtedly declined a "challenge."

The whole amount of it is, that in the universe of letters there cannot be found so much irony embodied in so few words as in that short epistle called a "challenge;" and both he who sends and he who accepts one are equally entitled to the name of "idiot."

WHAT IS FRIENDLINESS?

"Be friendly with every one," is the advice of Michael Angelo Titmarsh, in one of his admirable papers; but is given as the politic advice of a man of the world, and we would humbly add: Be so, but not superficially; be so in earnest. There is nothing more wearying and unsatisfying than the man who sports an eternal superficial smile for every one's benefit; that man who shakes your hand with apparent heartiness, when you feel the whole time that there is not a particle of heart in it, and shows by his self-complacency that he knows he is a good-hearted fellow, and believes that you think so too. Such a man is mere pretence and humbug, and such a friendliness is dishonesty. But the real, earnest friendliness which we should feel for every one, springs from the heart, and is founded on a deep and kindly sympathy for others. It says, Every man is a being like myself; not so much because he has bones, flesh, hair, &c., like myself, as

because he has *feelings*—because he may feel badly if I act unkindly, like a fool, or pleasantly, if I act kindly, like a true, sympathizing man.

The simple sentence, "Love your neighbor as yourself," engraved in the heart, and governing the actions, is worth all the books of morality put together. It contains the pith and essence of them all. One would suppose, to see the way in which men act towards one another, that there was some great distinction between them which necessarily separated them; but there is no distinction between men which can have any thing to do with the heart, for that is common to all, high or low, rich or poor, with big brains or little brains. It is the common ground on which humanity meets; it is universal, and one of the most glorious privileges of our nature. And yet, how this grand universal tie of humanity is disregarded! How it is modified, and in some cases entirely altered, by petty conventional distinctions!

The rich, the high-born, and the intellectual (of course with some noble exceptions), look down upon their poorer, humbler, or less gifted brethren as from an eminence, and as though their notice of them was a favor bestowed by some superior being. You short-lived, absurd mortals, by what authority other than your own arrogance are you on any such eminence? Are you so blinded by your own miserable self-conceit that you cannot see that you are on no eminence whatever?—that, whatever you may be, you are but filling

the part assigned you by the Great Being who created you? You may be the brains, the blood, and the liver of the body politic; but what, after all, could you effect without its hands and sinews? What would you be but a starving, stumpless excrescence? No, every man has his part to perform; but it is only as a member of the whole, and the heart is common to all. Therefore, do not forget that though you *happen*, as far as yourself is concerned, to occupy the position of a superior member—do not forget, we say, that the other members have feelings likewise, and that the same heart beats for all. Be friendly and kind to one another in real earnest.

THE REFORMATION OF CRIMINALS.

We confess to no maudlin sympathy for criminals *as* criminals. We do not even consider them as injured members of the community, and we utterly ignore all connection with those miserable pseudo-philanthropists whose sole aim seems to be the remission of the criminal's just punishment, to the total defeat of the ends of justice. Indeed, we would not trust ourselves in a menagerie with such philanthropists. We should be on pins and needles the whole time, lest they might uncage the whole troupe—"just to let the poor things have their freedom."

But though we do not consider criminals as either angels or persecuted specimens of humanity, still we do believe them to be human beings—not desperate devils past recall. They are erring human beings, who, having violated the laws of the community, must suffer the penalty of such violation. They should most assuredly be punished. It is due to the community

that they should be. Indeed, the most obvious way of preventing the increase of crime is, punishment of the offender. But though we acknowledge the justice and necessity of punishing the criminal, as well as its beneficial influences both on him and on society, still we do not consider it sufficient. There is something more to be done. Another influence must be brought in to complete the work, and that influence consists in the reformation of the criminal *after* punishment.

That such an agent is a powerful one in preventing the increase of crime, cannot for a moment be disputed. Why, then, does it not receive the attention it merits? The only reason that we can discover for this neglect is, that man, as a general rule, is satisfied to look no further than to proximate causes. The fear of punishment is a proximate cause to deter from the commission of crime, and this engine of fear is readily employed, and very rightly, too. The more subtle influence of after-reformation is neglected. But vice should be attacked at every available point, and subtle influences are often more efficacious than obvious ones—in fact, are often the real governing powers. The great thing is, to strike at the root of the matter. You may cut down a tree again and again, and it will grow again and again; but if you strike at its root and eradicate it, the thing is done at once: and so it is with the criminal; strike at the root and reform him, and you will abolish crime in the proportion to the number you reform. We would by no means advocate

the adoption of the one measure to the exclusion of the other; but, on the contrary, that every means should be employed against crime, against which, indeed, not one stone should be left unturned that can be of any avail to subdue it. Put criminals in prison, and punish them; but also put in motion the engine to *prevent* their being criminals any longer. Attempt their reformation. The commission of crime undoubtedly weakens a man's moral nature, and he becomes more liable to a relapse; but we believe that his moral nature may be strengthened in the same way as his physical nature. It only wants aid to assist it, till sufficient strength is obtained to be able to resist of itself.

A criminal fresh from prison, and having experienced the disagreeable effects of crime, is in a measure prepared to lend a willing ear to suggestions of reform; and we have no doubt that, if there be a chance for him to become honest, he will do so in preference. One great reason why a criminal goes on in his hardened career is, because he sees no other career before him. He feels that the avenues of honest industry are closed to him. He feels, perhaps, that if he but had a chance, he would lead a better life. But he has not the chance; and so this very cutting off of his chances only confirms him in his evil courses, and he yields again to the first temptation that offers. Were his reformation merely a slender thread of hope, yet ought every truly benevolent man to seize upon it—every true man who really has the interests of a fellow-being

at heart. It is here, indeed, that the philanthropist ought to make his appearance, not before the criminal has been checked in his progress of crime, not when he is callous and triumphant, but *after* he has been subdued by punishment. First punish, then reform him. Give him the medicine of suffering, but also give him, when convalescent, the tonics of hope and encouragement. You may cure a man of a cold by soaking his feet in hot water; that is, *if* you nurse him, and take care that he does not expose himself afterwards; but you'll hardly do it, if you thrust him out into the wet immediately. No, the morally sick man wants a rigid course of punishment; but then he also wants gentle and judicious treatment afterwards. It would, of course, be absurd, and contrary to all common sense, for every man indiscriminately to undertake the treatment of a criminal just out of jail. But there should be an institution established to act mediately for the encouragement of all criminals who give tokens of a wish to reform; and were such an institution well supported, whether by the State or by private contributions, there can be no doubt but it would sensibly and materially diminish the amount of crime.

If, then, to rescue a fellow-being from the abyss of crime—if to win the prayers and heartfelt affection of parents or children of reformed criminals be not sufficient stimulus to the philanthropist, let us remember that, even according to the doctrine of expediency, we

ought to attempt the reformation of criminals. Our course to pursue is simple and clear: First, let us employ the preparative process of punishment; but, secondly, the curative process of reformation.

OUR STREET, OR THE SACREDNESS OF HOME.

Our street is a short one—indeed, it is only a block long; but, short as it is, there seems to be a long and heavy curse resting upon it. On your very first entrance into it you feel conscious of an oppressive feeling. It seems to lie, as it were, in a vale. You can almost detect the deadly odor of the Upas tree, and you are involuntarily reminded of "the valley of the shadow of death." Our street is narrow and low, and the houses on either side are very high, and look like barricades, expressly designed to shut out the fresh air and light. A settled gloom ever rests over it. You can see, in fact, that it is doomed. Even before civilization paved and peopled it, you feel that it must have been an accursed place. It must have been low, marshy ground, choked up with cat-tails, and overlooked and hidden by a dense forest of tall trees. It must have been the "Murderer's Swamp," or "Spook's

Hollow," or the "Devil's Retreat"—a natural hiding-place for skunks and villains, the perfect paradise of wretches. And now that it is built up, and omnibuses run through it, it is in no wise improved. There is more villany, more misery, and more death in our little street than in any other ten times its length.

Nearly all of the houses are inhabited, though most of them have bills of "To Let" or "For Sale" on them; and there is hardly a day passes but a new crape, telling of a death, makes its appearance on a bell-pull. Sometimes we are all aroused in the middle of the night by the most dreadful cries, screams, and groans, but are unable to discover their cause. One day a rape is committed, another a little girl is burned to death, and there are frequent elopements out of it. The only resident who appears to be in any way contented with it is a pirate—a strange, moody man, who seldom makes his appearance, and, when he does, always reminds us of those lonely, gloomy birds of prey who are ever seeking the lowliest and gloomiest of places, and who delight only in darkness. The gloom which hangs over him does not seem to be occasioned by the reflection or influence of the street. He is shrouded in it as if it were his natural condition, and the gloom of the street only seems congenial to him.

Intrigues and brawls, pride, vice, and folly, constitute the life in our street; while the frequent hearses give evidence of the deaths in it. The very dogs and cats are affected by it; the dogs howl all night, and

the cats are continually fighting. The houses themselves have a mysterious look, and lower upon you with their heavy, sullen verandahs; while the few trees which do not refuse to live in it look withered and forlorn.

But home is home, "be it ever so humble," and in our street is our home. The true spirit of home lies in its being a sacred institution. In that consists its charm and its influence. The young man who goes "boxhalling" about town, to finally come home jaded and tired after his follies and vice, feels shame and remorse as he crosses the sacred threshold of home. He goes to his room with a contrite heart, thankful that, notwithstanding all his sorrow and shame, he has at least a refuge and shelter from vice—that here is one spot pure and uncontaminated. Can such an influence be otherwise than softening and beneficial? And he does feel softened. He kneels humbly down by his bed, and prays for forgiveness. He feels the delicious influences of the pure atmosphere of home steal over him, and he resolves that he will be better for the future. What, if through weakness, he do break those resolves? Still does the guardian angel of his home again check him, until finally he rises master of himself. "Home, sweet home," there is, indeed, "no place like home;" and weak as those simple lines may seem to the man of the world, the impression of them is noble, so genial, so soothing, that if it be weakness to feel their influence, we are

willing to be convicted of weakness, and confess that we would not barter such feelings for all the fierce and exciting pleasures of the *roué* and gamester. No! may Heaven ever preserve for us our love for home, unsullied and entire! What though we be deserted and left alone?—still it is home—the dear spot consecrated by pure memories; and, what is better than all, it is not local. It may be carried with us wherever we go, and wherever we may strike our tents; so long as we keep that one spot sacred and unstained, so long is it our home. Oh! fathers, mothers, sisters, and wives, remember this, and if you truly love your boys, your brothers, or your husbands, keep at least the hearth-stone pure and sacred.

And so with myself. Though circumstances have left my heart desolate—though I am a lonely man, and lead a lonely life, and though my home is in "our street," still, as I close my shutters, and look at the warm firelight, I see the hearth-stone, and memory brings back the time when I had a mother who dearly loved me—God's will be done!—and I live again in the memory of the hearth-stone. I feel that, at any rate, in those memories I have a home of which nothing can deprive me. I make no professions to saintship. I know I do much that is evil; but, at any rate, my hearth-stone is sacred. "Blessed be the man who invented" home; and my home is home, even though it be in "our street."

MATRIMONY WITH A PIPE IN IT.

Please take notice, that a pipe or more of tobacco having been smoked in every story that has hitherto appeared in The Saturday Press, we feel that we would by no means dare to deviate from so established a usage, and have, therefore, introduced the necessary pipe or two here.

Scene.—*A room filled with tobacco smoke; mantlepiece covered with old black pipes; meerschaums hanging on the walls in all directions, and a Mackay-spittoon at the foot of each chair.*

Dramatis Personæ.

Charles Augustus.—A seedy looking individual, smoking a cigar.

Jack.—Another seedy looking individual, smoking

a pipe, and who, as will soon be seen, does all the talking.

Charles Augustus (*somewhat abruptly*).—Jack, why don't you get married?

Jack.—Because I smoke a pipe.

Charles Augustus.—What the deuce has a pipe got to do with it?

Jack.—A great deal. A married man implies a woman in the case. I suppose you'll allow that?

Charles Augustus.—Certainly, of course. Well!

Jack.—Well, women can neither abide pipes nor the men who smoke them. Why, there's cousin Jeannie dear little creature that she is, she becomes deadly sick, and nearly goes off in convulsions every time that I go into her room; all from "that horrible, disgusting, execrable smell" I carry with me, and entreats me so pathetically to give up pipes, that I never go near her any more.

Charles Augustus.—But why don't you give them up? What's the use of making a nuisance of yourself?

Jack (*melodramatically*).—Give them up? Give up my pipes! Oh, no! Listen! For ten years and upwards have I smoked tobacco: of these ten years, eight were consumed in the consumption of cigars; of those eight years, seven long, weary ones was I in learning to "blow rings." Ah, I remember, as if it were but yesterday, my first success! I was sitting

with my father, when the long-wished-for spectacle of a ring came rolling out of my mouth. I gave a whoop and a yell, and shouted, "See there! see there! Eureka!" My father sprang up as though he were shot:

"What's the matter with the boy?"

"I've done it! I've done it!" said I.

"Done what?" said my father.

"I've made a ring!" said I.

"Made a ring! Where?"

"Where? There!"

And I puffed out another. Oh, how beautifully it rose into the air! That beautiful blue ring of smoke, swayed here and there by the little currents it met with, until it finally broke, and I set to work manufacturing more rings *ad libitum*. But it was not till I had spent a year in "blowing rings" that I experienced the still more transcendant bliss of smoking a pipe. And to think that it was all owing to what I then considered adverse circumstances! (*Here Jack's voice sank to a low and solemn whisper, to the great astonishment of Charles Augustus.*) Ever since then I have firmly believed, with Pope, that "whatever is, is right" (*resuming his natural voice again*). I was quite down in the pocket. I had, it is true, plenty to eat, lots of water, clothes enough, books enough, and I had a good hat; but still I considered my circumstances adverse, inasmuch as I only had twenty-five cents in my pocket. My monthly allowance wasn't

due for four days, and what to do for cigars in the meantime was a poser. I hunted everywhere, in hopes of finding some stray sheep of a cigar; overhauled my drawers, and turned all the pockets of all my coats inside out. My researches were fruitless, or, rather, cigarless. I was in despair; when it suddenly occurred to me, that, though I only had twenty-five cents, still I had twenty-five cents; and as I always smoked the five-for-a-quarter cigars, I could, at any rate, get five cigars; but then it likewise occurred to me, that as I always smoked at least five a day, I should, on the morrow, be in the same predicament I was in to-day. I revolved this profound suggestion over and over again in my mind, but I reached the tobacconist's without any equally profound suggestion having offered itself to remedy the evil. I was just about to deposit my last quarter for the cigars, when a clay pipe caught my eye.

"What's the price of that pipe?"

"Four cents."

"Four cents! what! for a clay pipe?"

"Yes, sir, but see, them's French clay—a very superior article."

I bought the French clay pipe and a shilling package of smoking tobacco. This left me a balance of nine cents for spending money; so I took a glass of lager, gave the three cents to a beggar, and returned home rejoicing.

"Eureka!" shouted I, as I passed my father on the stairs.

"Well, what have you Eureka'd now?" asked he.

"Why, I've discovered the art of cheap smoking."

"I'm glad to hear it."

And with this sententious observation he passed on.

I went immediately to my room and commenced on my pipe. I felt as wise as Solomon, but no "clam at high-water" ever experienced such happiness as I felt before I'd finished my first pipe. I suppose every one will agree with me that of all the arts and sciences, the greatest is the art of happiness, and this I have at last discovered. It consists in the smoking of pipes, and the highest axiom of the art is—the fouler the pipe, the greater the happiness. Of all pipes, too, the French clay stands preëminent. Meerschaum! pah! they're a mere sham happiness. Give me a good old French clay pipe, rank with a good year's hard smoking, and, in return, I will show you a countenance beaming with benevolence and happiness. Now do you suppose that I am going to barter a known and certain pleasure like this for the very uncertain happiness of matrimony? Do you suppose I will voluntarily tie myself for life to a bundle of whalebone, cotton, empty crinoline, and caprices? No, sir! Were I as rich as Crœsus, it would be absurd for me to sacrifice my freedom to any such teetota; how much more absurd then, would it be for me to do so when I have only one hundred thousand a year to live on?

Charles Augustus (*looking up*).—What! have you got one hundred thousand a year?

Jack.—I beg your pardon. I mean one hundred thousand cents. I have a bad habit of computing my income by cents, instead of dollars. But with only one hundred thousand cents a year, how can I marry? It's a perfect impossibility.

Charles Augustus (*calculating*).—One hundred thousand cents—let me see, two naughts off—one thousand dollars. Yes, perfectly absurd. It needs no demonstrating.

Jack.—So you see the reason why I do not marry. In the first place, I don't care to exchange a certain pleasure for a certain pain, or, at best, for an uncertain pleasure; and, in the second place, if I did, the certain pain, or the uncertain pleasure, would be too expensive a luxury for me to indulge in. In short, I don't choose to marry; and if I did, I couldn't afford it; so why think about it at all. And yet I, by no means, feel myself in a disconsolate state. On the contrary, I have every reason to feel grateful. The prayer of Agar has been granted in my case: I have neither poverty nor riches. But I have a competency, and "enough is as good as a feast," while it is most decidedly better than a fast. With few wants, and enough means to satisfy them, what more can I desire? The chief end of man assuredly is not matrimony, nor is matrimony necessarily happiness. Happiness is happiness, and matrimony is only an incidental affair, or rather incidental

expenses. In short, when I say that I have seen old maids and old bachelors, and young maids and young bachelors, far happier than young married couples, or than old married couples, I by no means assert that I have seen "a new thing under the sun."

Charles Augustus (*flinging away his cigar*).—I'm convinced. Give me a pipe. *Vive les pipes et les pipeurs!* for I intend to be a piper for the future.

(At this juncture, the "chiel who was takin' notes" found it expedient to take his departure. He had been almost suffocated by one pipe, but the prospect of two pipes was too much for him; so he made his exit, and left them "to pipe to themselves.")

AMBITION;

OR WHAT MY WIFE SAID, AND WHAT I THOUGHT, BUT DIDN'T SAY.

I HAVE a wife.

That is a short sentence, but there's a world of meaning in it for me. My wife and I have little talks occasionally. No, not occasionally—frequently. There's *more* than a world of meaning in that sentence: there's chaos, pandemonium, and who but I knows what besides?

One day wife said to me:

"My dear, have you no *ambition?*" with a strong emphasis on ambition.

"What do you mean, my dear?" said I.

"What do I mean?" said she. "I mean what I say: have you no *ambition*—no desire to do something to make yourself known—to be talked about, and pointed at as the great So-and-So?"

Having learned by experience the futility of discussions with women, I contented myself by meekly replying, "No, my dear;" when I was, of course, immediately taunted with my "want of spirit and manliness," etc., etc.—the etceteras consisting of a long tirade of nonsense, not worth repeating here, and which I wisely heard without making any reply. But it convinced me of one thing—that, if I were not ambitious, my wife was, and that her aim in getting me to shine like the sun, was that she might shine like a moon with reflected light. It also set me to cogitating on the subject of ambition, and the result of my cogitations was, that ambition, after all, was nothing but sheer selfishness, a higher order of self-seeking—perhaps, after all, nothing but sheer selfishness; for what are its aims other than the glorification of self? In its results, it may tend to the benefaction of humanity; but as for its aim, what, indeed, is it but selfishness? It led me, too, to reflect on the strange inconsistency of my wife, and, in fact, of women generally; for does not my wife go to church every Sunday, and pray to be delivered from "pride, vanity, and self-conceit," and yet she is herself in practice not only forcing these qualities upon my notice, but inculcating them as duties that I ought to perform. In short, she says "it's a shame I'm so pusillanimous," and that I "ought to be ambitious"—in other words, that I ought to be selfish. No, no, dear; though I dare not tell you so to your face, still, you are wrong. It is not my duty to be

ambitious. My duty is to be just the contrary—to be humble; and, so far from being self-seeking, I ought, on the contrary, to seek the good and happiness of others. Such is my duty, and all the sophistry and doctrines of expediency in the world cannot convince me to the contrary. I do not profess to come up to the high mark of humility and self-denial I have proposed, but I do assert that such should be my aim. I acknowledge that I lead a somewhat indolent and pleasure-seeking life, but I deny that its *aim* is any worse than that of the ambitious man's; and it is a mere matter of taste that I prefer its pleasures to the pains of ambition, and *that* ambition's very distant reward. My dear says that I "do nothing but sit in my study moping, and smoking a pipe." So far is this from the fact, that the only time I do mope is when in her delightful society. For instance, when I awake in the morning, I find myself alone, for my wife has at least the merit of being industrious, and is therefore an early riser; so, when I awake, the sun is quite high in the heavens, and my wife is quite low in the kitchen, "blowing up" the cook, and making herself otherwise interesting. The first sensation I experience is the delightful one of being alone. Then comes the luxurious sense of being snug and warm beneath the bed-clothes. Then I watch the sunbeams on the wall, for I love the sun dearly, and it always seems to say to me, "Dream on, dear lazy child that you are." Then I look at my pictures, and they give

me pleasure; and then I deliver myself up to reverie, which is always pleasant. I do not leave my dreams till the sun has reached the meridian, when I rise. After refreshing myself with a cold bath, which is always pleasant, I go down to a solitary breakfast, which is pleasant because I am alone, for I never did believe in gregarious breakfasts. Then I read the paper and smoke my pipe, and after that I begin my work. Work! yes, work! for what would pleasure be in this world without change? Yes, I work. I study hard for two hours, read for two more, and then take my constitutional walk. At six I dine. After dinner, my wife leaves the table, and I smoke a cigar and sip sherry, and that gives me pleasure. In short, the only time in which I don't enjoy myself is in the evening, and which I spend with my wife at some party or other; "for," as my wife says, "we *must* keep our position." I must confess I don't see very clearly *why* we must; but then, my wife says so, and she ought to know, for she is descended from an awfully ancient family, and, as she tells me forty times a day, she "can count kings as well as nobles among her ancestors." All stuff and nonsense! What if she can? For my part, I have never as yet discovered any thing so very remarkable in the descendants of ancient families. On the contrary, I find only a very invidious distinction between them and their ancestors; for the ancestors are historical, but the descendants are only hysterical.

I only wish I dared to tell my wife so; but no, I dare not. I should only undergo discussions for a week to come; and any thing for quiet, so I swallow all her remarks with a gulp, keeping up a tremendous thinking, say nothing, and go out with her to her confounded parties. I try to "grin and bear it," but I can't. Instead of grinning, I feel like blubbering; and as for bearing, bear is an active verb, whereas I am only a passive substantive, and feel very much like the past participle of being "bored." I wonder what she is. She must be a something in the imperative mood. But it's all my own fault; for why did I get married at all? I was once a gay young bachelor, with plenty of means. I travelled about and amused myself. In short, I was free. Soon some officious friends tell me that it is time I should settle down and get married. In reply, I rattle off the old song,

> "The first month is smick-smack,
> The second month is hither and thither,
> The third month is whick-whack,
> And the fourth month is, 'Why the devil did they
> ever bring us two together!'"

They tell me that this is only an old bachelor's song, with no truth in it, and that it is high time to cease my frivolity. I laugh at them, and add that, when I get into a less transitory existence, I may settle down; but why do so in this sublunary sphere, where all is change! How can one settle down with any

certainty? My wife may die the very day after marriage, and then I should be in the same predicament as before, with the exception of a suit of sable—and I never did fancy black.

The amount of it was, however, that I was overruled, and I married what is called "a woman of society." Society! Bosh!—Hark! what's that?

"My dear, are you ready?"

"Yes, dear—in a minute."

There's another confounded party! I'm determined now. I'm off to Indiana to-morrow for a divorce.

"Yes, dear—coming!"

MY SUBJECTS.

"I am monarch of all I survey"—that's very true; but then, what do I survey? I am not a civil engineer, and my occupation is not to survey lands, etc. I am only the occupant of a small room in the fourth story. What, then, do I survey?

My window-shade is drawn down, and, as I look about me, I find that I survey—

One table,
One single bedstead,
Two chairs,
One washstand, pitcher, and basin,
One looking-glass, and hair-brush,
Comb, and tooth-brush,
One book-case, and a few books.

Of these I am sole monarch. But what is a monarchy without subjects; and where are my subjects? Where? Why, all about me—wherever, indeed, I choose to place them.

My House of Lords consists of two members—Lord Bacon and Lord Byron; but, being of a somewhat despotic and arbitrary nature, I have chosen to place Lord Byron betwen Goldsmith and old Dr. Johnson; and Lord Bacon stands next to Shakespeare, with Boccacio on his other side nudging him in the ribs. Bacon looks as though he had an idea that both these worthies were poking fun at him, for he is very red, but then this may be owing to his clothes; for he is clad in scarlet, while his two companions are in sober maroon, and look very much as though they were in a brown study about something.

My privy-councillors are at present lying on the table—Epictetus, Thomas à Kempis, and Mason, that man who can talk so soundly about "self-knowledge."

My ministers of finance—Adam Smith and Lay—now lie sprawling on the floor.

My poets-laureate—Milton, Chaucer, etc.—are sitting on a shelf; while my wits and jesters—Rabelais, Tom Hood, etc.—are perched on the mantlepiece.

My chaplain, Sydney Smith, comes down occasionally to give me some of his "wit and wisdom." Charles Lamb, too, whenever I want a consoler and genial companion; and so does Sterne, when I want to know something about Tristram Shandy.

I am rather a "played-out"-looking monarch, I must confess, for I am thin as a lath, and my complexion is sallow. My face is marked—with the cares of government, I suppose; while my shoulders have a

most decided stoop, and my head is bent forward, clearly showing race; for I have read somewhere that a head leaning forward indicates that the possessor's ancestors wore helmets.

I like nothing better than to sit down and watch my subjects, and note what they are about. Next to Rabelais stands Chaucer, in a full suit of green, and who seems to be delighting, and, at the same time, disgusting the "gentle Spencer" with his "Canterbury Tales." Robert Burns has in some unaccountable way got himself perched on the top of Homer's head, which latter worthy looks very black as he stands listening to Sterne telling him about his "Sentimental Journey." Sydney Smith seems to have monopolized the whole of the "Noctes Ambrosianæ;" while Tom Hood has got alongside of "The Doctor," and is evidently asking him for medical advice respecting that body of his which so strongly resembles bad port—"of a bad color, and very little body." Henry Heine, with that ghastly sneer of his, looks isolated in the midst of them all, and seems to be especially sneering at Longfellow, who is telling him "not to look mournfully into the past;" while glorious, honest Carlyle is perfectly black in the face with energetic denunciations against all shams and humbugs. Meanwhile that squeamishly absurd Democritus, Beresford, is making the whole crowd conscious of "The Miseries of Human Life." Burton, in a quaint garb, is half-laughing and half-crying, as he learnedly anatomizes

melancholy. Old Dr. Johnson is evidently astonishing Lord Byron, and every one within hail of his eccentricities and powerful humor; while Charles Lamb, notwithstanding he is stuttering out puns by the wholesale, lovingly criticising the old dramatists, and clothing every thing he says in a delicate, gentle humor, is nevertheless evidently thinking only of "poor, dear sister Mary." Dear Charles Lamb, I love you better than all the rest.

De Quincey here steps forward, and tells me that, truly to enjoy myself, I must have some solid, regular pursuit—that I must bottom myself in one of the sciences. To which Montaigne answers, that, "according to the opinion of Plato, constancy, faith, and sincerity are the true philosophy, and the other sciences that are directed to other ends are but cozenage." But quaint Jeremy Taylor says that "the grace of contentedness was the sum of all the old moral philosophy, and a great duty in Christianity, and of the most universal use in the whole course of our lives." "He was a strange fool," says he, "that should be angry because dogs and sheep need no shoes, and yet himself is full of care to get some; and if we murmur here, we may at the next melancholy be troubled that God did not make us to be angels or stars." "You must be governed by your needs, not by your fancy; by natural, not by evil customs and ambitious principles. He that would shoot an arrow out of a plough, or hunt a hare with an elephant, is

not unfortunate for missing the mark or prey." Some one was now heard faintly to stutter out that, for his part, he was "contented with little, yet wishing for *more;*" whereupon Tom Moore got up, and said he thanked the speaker; that it was true he had written little verses, and he was proud to hear that Mr. Lamb was contented with them, but that, if he wished for Moore poems, he could easily be gratified. At this the faint voice stammered out, "Diddle diddle dumpkins." This brought a sunny smile on every face, which, however, subsided into a decorous gravity, as I, their monarch, said to them, "De Quincey is right, my friends and subjects; so is Montaigne, and so is Jeremy Taylor. Every one in his place, and don't presume to interrupt your sovereign (for I noticed that several were about to speak); I, as your rightful sovereign, will have no interruptions. I have bought you with money. (Here, Lay, one of my ministers of finance, evidently had something to say). No interruptions, as I have already said, Mr. Lay. Your says are, no doubt, "wise saws," but I'll none of them, at least at the present moment. If you must talk, sir (for Mr. Lay looked as though he was going to be obstreperous), go and talk to the Ettrick Shepherd, over in the corner there. By the smile on his face, he looks as though he might tell you something about *practical* Political Economy; and, now I think of it, he was the friend of 'Puir Watty, who got his death by studyin' the stol.' (Mr. Lay subsided, but, instead

of going to talk with Hogg, he went over into the opposite corner of the room, and both looked very much as though they were playing 'puss in the corner.') But, as I was going to say (here Lay pricked up his ears), De Quincey, Montaigne, and Taylor are all right, in a measure: one ought to study some science—ought to have faith, constancy, and sincerity, and ought to be contented. There can be no doubt but that the true object of education is the just balancing of all the faculties. The three divisions into which the noble Lord Bacon, here present, has divided all the faculties—Memory, Reason, and Imagination—should all be cultivated. To Memory, the noble Lord assigns History; to Reason, Science; and to Imagination, Poetry.

"I once had a favorite theory of my own, which was, that the reasoning faculties may be more greatly exercised in the study of History and Poetry, than in that of the Sciences; for in Science, thought I, we have the results already reasoned out for us, and all that is necessary is a careful reading to the understanding of them. But in History and Poetry we have only facts and imaginations presented to us, and we must draw our own conclusions from them, and reason out the results for ourselves. There is some truth in this theory, but the fallacy lies in confounding together the two very important classes of readers and students. I had compared the student of History with the reader of Science—not with the student of

Science, as I should have done; aiming, as he ought to do, at new discoveries. There can be no doubt but that the *study* of History and Poetry is a profound one, but that of Science is still more profound; and inasmuch as its results are exact and comparatively certain, the reasoning faculties are better disciplined; whereas, in reasoning on History, we are too apt to be led astray, by the uncertainty of its results, into mere chimeras of the imagination.

"I see by your faces, most noble lords and gentlemen, that my oratory does not please your fastidious tastes. I acknowledge myself deficient in the graces of Oratory, but I have always considered them as entirely subservient to a greater (here Cicero's face assumed a most portentous frown); that greater is Truth. That, indeed, should be our aim; and if, after having discovered it, this short life of ours will admit of the cultivation of the graces of Oratory, well and good; but if not, we should pay little attention to them." (At this, Cicero bounced up in a terrible passion. "But, sir," said he, "how can you persuade men, without the graces of Oratory?") "Silence, Mr. Cicero! it is your monarch who has the floor. But I will condescend to inform you, sir, that the graces of Truth as far exceed the graces of Oratory, as the sun does all the brilliant gas-lights in the civilized world. But, gentlemen and noble lords, I am tired; and, as it is my good pleasure to do just as I please, I forthwith dismiss this conference. Meanwhile, you

shall stay just where I have placed you, until it is again my good pleasure to again consult you."

Then, lighting my pipe, I, the glorious monarch of such glorious subjects, lazily reclined myself on my royal couch (*single bedstead*), and gazed into the soft, sad eyes of my fair subject, Beatrice di Cenci, as she sat resting on the mantlepiece.

AMBITION;

OR, MY WIFE AGAIN.

My wife says that my fancy about books being my subjects is all "folderol and fiddle-de-dee;" that, on the contrary, it is I who am the subject and slave of my books. But I should like to know what all that proves? If she be right, why, all I can say is, that "folderol and fiddle-de-dee" are very pleasant institutions, and that I am very glad to have come across them.

I only wish I had carried out my original intention of going to Indiana. I should now be free from all her impertinences. But it was ordered otherwise. The very night that I had formed my determination, my wife became a second Cinderella, and abruptly left a party for home when the clock struck twelve. "Why this inordinate haste, my dear?" said I. My wife sighed. "Oh, dear!" said she. I became

alarmed; for, though I detest my wife, still I possess the common feelings of humanity. "Why that sigh, my dear? I hope you're not sick?" "Sick!" said she; "yes, I am sick—I'm sick of the world. I'm sick of every thing in it. Only to think, that this is the last night, and the parties are all over! Oh, dear! oh, dear!" I couldn't restrain my joy. "The last party night? Huz—." But my joy was of short duration, as well as my huzzah; the latter having been intercepted midway by a slap on the mouth from my better half. "Unfeeling, cruel man, who can thus delight in my misery!" I remained mute, but consoled myself by a consciousness of the integrity of my conduct; for the very action which accompanied her reproach very clearly convinced me that I was any thing but an unfeeling man.

The next day I was obliged to go with my wife to church, and then I discovered, for the first time, that the first day of Lent began at twelve o'clock the night before. With all due reverence, I have often wondered why my wife ever goes to church at all. I once knew a Frenchman, who, on my asking him why he didn't go to church, said that "that did not amuse him;" and an Italian, on my asking him the same question, merely shrugged his shoulders, gave me a look of pity, and said "he had not that weakness." But when I ask my wife why she does go, she only says, "You're a perfect heathen!"

The cessation of parties has proved of no comfort

to me. A great evil may be endured in the midst of other distracting circumstances ; but when you have it all alone to yourself, it is indeed almost unendurable—and now I have my wife all to myself. Am I indeed a living man, or am I not rather in the state called "purgatory," and sufferng for my past sins? I fear I am getting hipped, for my wife appears to me latterly under all manner of portentous shapes. The most predominant and most distressing one is that of "family." She no longer merely informs me in general terms of her illustrious descent, but she recounts a long roll of names and mighty deeds, and I now endure not only my wife, but all her ancestors. Every night are they disinterred and lugged in, until they fairly haunt me by day. Under such a pressure, my subjects at home are unable to distract me, and I have, of late, taken to wandering among my prisons. These are not Silvio Pellico's, but "my prisons." In them are incarcerated, not myself, but all those who have been guilty of the crime of high treason against all private monarchies, and are therefore devoted to the public weal. They each have a head jailor and assistants, who, at the command of certain privileged monarchs, like myself, unlock the grated door which confines the prisoner, and delivers him over to service for a limited period. I designate them as *my* prisons, because, though I do not enjoy the absolute possession of them, still I have the usufruct, which is nearly as good. Those which I principally frequent, are the

"Society" prison—a very social institution, and which possesses a "conversation room," the recesses of which, however, no one has ever dared to penetrate; the "Historical" prison—a most independent prison, and whose jailor is nearly always *non est inventus;* and the "Astor" prison, which is the most astor-cratic institution of all. Being of an aristocratic turn myself, I naturally delight most in the latter.

One day, as I was prowling about in its cells, I chanced to stumble over a big, hulking fellow in red clothes, with a profusion of gold ornaments, and who announced himself as Mr. Burke. I was delighted at meeting with him, until I found he was not "the sublime and beautiful" Burke I had anticipated, but a genealogical one. This somewhat mitigated my delight; but as he had forced himself upon my attention, I concluded to explore him. He proved to be a very pompous gentleman, full of high-sounding names and titles, and as fond of descents from royalty as my wife. In fact, that was his forte. He knew the names of all the families in the British kingdom who could trace a descent from royalty. I noticed that the majority plumed themselves on their descent from William the Conqueror, and from the Plantagenets. This led me to investigate the antecendents of those gentlemen themselves. I discovered that William the Conqueror was the illegitimate son of a tanner's daughter. No wonder that even his hard-handed contemporaries could not rub out such a *stain!*—and that

all his ancestors, with the exception of one or two, were illegitimate sons (as you may see by *L'Art de Verifier les Dates*).

As for the Plantagenets, I found that my wife's carpets equally deserved the name, it having been assumed by an Earl of Anjou, because he had been "scourged with broom-twigs," or plantagenista; and as for the Earl of Anjou himself, I discovered, by the aid of *L'Art de Verifier les Dates*, the book already mentioned, that his ancestor was a peasant—"*rusticans, de copia silvestri et venatico exercitio victitans.*" The son of this peasant—Tertulle—rose in the social scale, and was made seneschal of Gatinais. His son, Ingelgen, married a daughter of the Count of Gatinais, and thus rose one step higher. "The barons of Gatinais were indignant at this alliance, and hesitated to recognize as their sovereign lord one who had been the inferior to some of them, but finally rendered him homage out of respect for the authority of the King, and who had compelled the marriage." The great-grandson of this Ingelgen was Geoffroy Grisegoville, made Count of Anjou, "by the grace of God and the bounty of the king," as he himself expressed it—"*Gratia Die et senioris Hugonis largitione Andegavensis comes matris quoque meæ Gerbegæ.*" Such is the origin of the celebrated Plantagenets—a peasant and broom-twigs. A descent, indeed! Why will man suffer himself thus to be imposed upon by the mere shadow of a name? There are, "indeed, more things

in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in our philosophy." — ("*Our*" folio edition of Shakespeare.)

On my return home, I said nothing to my wife, but those noble ancestors of hers had lost a great deal of their prestige for me. Yet I could not help seeing how that, of all the sources of pride, that of noble birth seems to take the strongest hold on the imagination, and is the hardest to eradicate. Read the history of the "old noblesse" of France; see the German noble, with his dozens of quarterings; the proud Castilian of Spain; the Irishman, with his descent from Milesius; the Englishman, tracing to the Anglo-Saxon divinity, Woden; and, above all, the Welchman, with a pedigree on which you will find a notice, about halfway up, "that about this time Adam was born." What a crowd of polypi and fish of all kinds he must have had to wade through before he reached chaos; and yet his very name strongly attests his claim, for where else could he have got such a chaotic mixture of double llwy's and double wvdd's, etc.?

As, pondering thus, I walked up and down my domain, I came across Zimmermann, whom, for a wonder, I found out of his "solitude," and ready to discourse on the very subject I was ruminating. "Pride," said he, "pervades all orders of society." It certainly pervades my wife, thought I. "Man," continued Zimmermann, "looks upon himself as the centre to which all created beings tend. Among the

pismires inhabiting this mighty mole-hill, there have always been some who could not discard the idea that the sun only shines for them to bask in." My wife must be one of those insects, thought I. "The king of Malacca," continued Zimmermann, "styles himself lord of the winds, and of the eastern and western oceans. The Mogul assumes the title of 'conqueror of the world, and king of the earth,' and the grandees of his court are no less than 'rulers of the thunder-storm,' 'steersmen of the whirlwinds,' or 'exterminators of the host.' Self-conceit towers to an amazing height. The kings of Madura derived their pedigree in a right line from the jackass, on which account they treat every long-eared brayer as a brother, and never fail, when it rains, to hold an umbrella over him." Why, my wife must be own sister to the kings of Madura, thought I. "I could add numberless instances—" They are sufficient, Mr. Zimmermann; I am satisfied.

That night, when my wife began about her ancestors, the only thing that perplexed me was how to reconcile the facts that she could be both of those specimens of animated nature at the same time; but I came to the conclusion that she must be of some higher descent, though her crying sin is Ambition.

MY SCIENTIFIC PURSUITS.

HOW I CAME TO STUDY ASTRONOMY.

My wife says she "never saw such a man" as I am. "Why," says she, "you haven't even the spirit of a mosquito; but, since you have no ambition, do for mercy's sake at least do *something*. What are you thinking about now? Why don't you *say* something? Can't you even make a retort?"

"Well, my dear," said I, "if it will give you any satisfaction to know what I'm thinking about, I will tell you. I was just thinking of what one of the philosophers once said—'If an ass kick me, must I needs kick him back again?'" I wish I had held my tongue, for my wife immediately showed her descent by immediately going off into hysterics.

The next day, in a fit of repentance, I proceeded to do *something*. I concluded to take the advice of De Quincey, and bottom myself in one of the sciences;

and as I had always been more or less partial to chemistry, I pitched upon that. The first thing to do was to fit up a laboratory; and as I wished to give my wife an agreeable surprise by showing her I was really in earnest, I waited patiently till she went out, and then sent for the carpenter. Before she had returned, he had completely transformed one of our spare-rooms into a perfect dove-cote of pigeon-holes, and in half an hour afterwards a cart arrived, covered with retorts, blow-pipes, and all the other necessary appurtenances of a laboratory. I was in hopes of getting them all in their places before my wife came in; but just as the first parcel was being carried into the house, in she came. I was standing in the hall, in my dressing-gown, giving the necessary directions. She marched straight up to me, with the marabout feather in her hat fairly quivering. By this feather alone did I know the state of the temperature; for, being of high lineage, my wife never shows her temper before strangers. No; that is all pent up and reserved for our hours of privacy.

"My dear," with a gay but ominous smile, "what are those strange-shaped bottles for?"

"I will show you, my dear," said I, "if you will follow me;" and feeling any thing but "sustained and soothed by an unfaltering trust," and more "like the quarry-slave at night scourged in his dungeon," I led the way to my laboratory.

"What is the meaning of this, sir?" said she, after having closed the door.

"Why, my dear, this is my laboratory," said I, with a very lugubrious attempt at a smile.

"And pray, sir, what's that?"

"Why, my dear," said I, rubbing my hands, and trying to look exceedingly cheerful, "you see before you a future Liebig." (A big lie, as I shortly afterwards discovered.) "I intend to be a chemist."

"A chemist! a low, vulgar apothecary!" said she. "Oh, dear!" and off she went—into hysterics, of course.

That night every thing was in the laboratory except—the chemist; and the key of the laboratory was in the chemist's wife's pocket. The chemist himself, instead of making experiments on "particles of inanimate matter," spent the night in vain endeavors to convince an "animate individual," his wife, that a chemist was not an "apothecary," necessarily, but a practical man of science.

No, my wife would not be convinced. I told her what a friend of mine, an eminent chemist, had told me, that "man himself is nothing but a chemical combination;" that "man, indeed, is nothing but salts and proteine, topped off by an electrical machine, properly called a head." "Why, my dear," said I, "I might even make a man myself."

"Humph!" said she.

It was all of no use. All my attempts to exalt the

science in her estimation were of no avail. She said she was "not going to be blown up by my retorts." I didn't remind her of how often I'd been blown up by hers. But there was an end of my chemical projects. The next day the carpenter was sent for, and, before night, the room had returned to its spareness, and the retorts to their former owner—at considerable less than cost price.

Fortunately for the cause of science, chemistry is not the only branch in the world; else some married men, or at least one of them, would be debarred the privilege of being scientific as well as married. Chemistry is only a branch of science, and relates only to "the phenomena and laws of *particles of inanimate matter;*" while what relates to "*particles of living matter*" is the province of physiology. Physiology being, therefore, next door to chemistry, I took up physiology. I spent half my time in dissecting-rooms. I became conversant with bones, sinews, muscles, nerves, &c.; and the only thing that astonished me was that I hadn't done it before. Here was I, an animate bundle of bones, &c., meeting with other animate bundles of the same materials, being even intimate with some of them, and yet not cognizant of my own individual bones, &c.

Another thing struck me. We are all of us animated skeletons. Every one I met with, I, in imagination, divested of his fleshy covering, and regarded him in his *bonâ-fide* aspect. I became lugubrious.

Every thing seemed of the bone, bony. I was even reduced to making puns; and one day, having gone into a bookstore to get one of Bohn's edition of the classics, I positively asked the bookkeeper, in a fit of abstraction, if he had any "dead men's bones." He looked at me with astonishment, as well he might. "No," said I, "I mean Terence's or Tacitus' bones—no, I mean 'Bohn's Terence,' &c." I verily believe, if Bohn had issued an edition of "The History of Turkey," I should have asked for Turkey-bones, instead of Bohn-Turkey (about as perfect an antithesis as one can well imagine). The result was, that I was obliged to give up physiology. The bony-part of humanity was too hard a subject for me to study.

But, as I was determined to study some science or other, the next step was, which one to select. Mechanical philosophy, like chemistry, required too many experiments to be practicable for me. Geology and mineralogy I never cared for. I never had a liking for grubbing in the dirt, and the only "rocks" I ever fancied are those constituting the standard of value. As for entomology, I detest bugs of all kinds—from the big-bugs of the fashionable world, to the little ones that infest bedsteads. In short, I ran over all the sciences—botany, meteorology, zoology, ornithology, ichthyology, &c., but found objections to all, until I finally soared up to astronomy. This I found to be practicable. In studying it, one needs no retorts, no mussing in the dirt, no dangerous experi-

ments. If you do come across a comet now and then, you can't handle him even if you want to. You must be contented with looking at him, and, at a very respectful distance, study unobtrusively his eccentricities. I felt convinced that astronomy must be a perfectly celestial pursuit, so I set immediately to work at astronomy.

Before the day was over, I discovered that Pythagoras, who died about B. C. 500, was "the first who gave form to the vague idea that the sun was in the centre of the planetary orbits;" that it was he "who taught, in fact, the system which now immortalizes the name of Copernicus;" and that Copernicus, who flourished in the sixteenth century, "revived the old system taught by Pythagoras, and made so great a figure in astronomy, that it has ever since been called the Copernican system;" that Kepler, in the seventeenth century, discovered the "true figure of the orbits of the planets," &c.; that Galileo, in the same century, "was the first who applied the telescope to astronomical knowledge;" and, before night arrived, I experienced all the good effects ascribed to the study of astronomy. I felt enlarged, elevated, expanded already.

That night, when my wife began with the old questions, "What were you born for?" "For what earthly purpose were you put in the world?" I proudly answered, "For no earthly purpose, madam. I was born, in the words of the great Anaxagoras, 'to

contemplate the stars.' I am a celestial!" And then, fearing lest she might think I'd turned Chinaman—for her ideas of Chinamen are entirely confined to crockery-ware and the dislocated specimens of pig-tailed Celestials one frequently meets in the streets—I quickly added, "Not a Chinaman, madam, understand me, but a lawyer of the stars—from *astro*, a star, and *nomos*, a law."

"Oh, heavens!" said my wife, "he's mad."

"No, madam; the poet Young says,

'An undevout astronomer is mad;'

but I am devout without the 'un:' therefore I'm not mad, 'most noble Festus.'"

"Festus! noble Festus!" said my wife; and then —"Ah, deary, wouldn't you like some orgeat and water? Let me mix you some, dear."

"Orgeat!" said I; "what the deuce do I want with orgeat? I've just had my dinner."

"Yes; but, dear, just to please me?"

"No," I answered, "I don't want any orgeat."

But my wife nevertheless left the room. She was gone some time, and when she returned, she brought in with her a strong smell of paregoric. I never saw her so bland and gentle, and began to think she must be getting crazy, as she advanced smilingly on tip-toe with a tumbler of paregoric in her hand.

"Now, deary," said she, "please take this, for my sake."

"What the mischief do I want of paregoric?" said I. "I haven't got a stomach-ache, and I never felt better in my life."

Just then the door-bell rang.

"Oh, here he is!" said my wife; and before I could ask her who "he is" was, in walked the doctor. Explanations, of course, ensued, and I now have it in my power to record a singular phenomenon. I actually saw my wife laugh. That very genteel woman actually condescended to laugh, for the first time since our marriage; for she then looked upon me as a second Herschel. I am, of course, still more convinced of the beneficial effects of the study of astronomy, and will only further add, that I am still at it.

THE VICISSITUDES OF BABIES.

The vicissitudes of human life have frequently claimed the attention of mankind, but they have only been regarded as commencing with a certain advanced stage of the mammal.

Now, if we look a little closer, we will find that these vicissitudes extend still further back than is generally supposed. We all know what a baby is. We doubt if there be a man living who has not seen or at least heard a baby at some time or times in the course of his life; but we have always been accustomed to consider babies as free from the vicissitudes of life—that babies pursue the even tenor of their voices and "the even tenor of their way" in the usual routine of squalling, crowing, and dawning perceptions of things about them, without being affected in any very material way by outside circumstances; and it was very natural that we should think so.

A baby can hardly be said to be endowed with any

very great amount of intellectual or moral power. How, then, can the moral or intellectual life of a mere squib of flesh in rags be influenced by external circumstances? So long as the baby is fed and clothed, what more does it want?

Nothing, indeed, so long as it is fed and clothed by its own mother. But the advance of that glorious chimera called Civilization has upset the natural order of things. Fashion ordains that the mother shall not nurse her own child. Of course, we do not refer to those exceptional instances where ill health is a cause of prohibition. In such cases it is, of course, right and reasonable. But we are only speaking of cases where Fashion ordains, without either right or reason, a strong and healthy woman must not nurse her child, because this right of nature is unfashionable; it spoils the woman's shape, keeps her out of society, and, on the whole, is very vulgar. To this decree of Fashion is, no doubt, owing much of the vice which infects society. This beautiful dictate of woman's nature is denied her, and, to satisfy the want of a natural pleasure, she flings herself into the vortex of artificial ones, and there drowns her heart.

What can be expected of the influence of such a mother over her child? Where are those delicate, tender feelings, that the child instinctively feels the need of as it grows older? All drowned in the whirlpool of fashionable society, and all because the very duties and pleasures which might have reclaimed many a

selfish fashionable woman, are denied her by the decree of Fashion, which votes all such pleasures and duties as vulgar.

Let Fashion hold her sway, if she will, over foolish girls, but let her not interfere with the tender dictates of the mother's heart. What a touching sight is that of a heretofore fashionable, heartless woman, suddenly awakened to the perception of higher pleasures and aims by the helpless innocence of her baby! What a world of tenderness is in her eye, and how gently she nurses, and cares for it! All her attention now absorbed by the little one, she is no longer the cold, selfish woman, but the kind, gentle mother.

Yet Fashion dares to plant her cold tread on such holy ground, and there are women weak enough to obey her decrees. One would suppose that the whole woman's soul would rise in arms against it.

Then see what a hubbub this same Fashion causes through the baby-world. Though the fashionable mother may not nurse her own child, still the fashionable baby must be nursed. Another mother is called in, whose child must be nursed by some one else, the latter's child must be nursed by somebody else, and so the babies are passed around, until one finally reaches some mother who has lost her child, and the further circulation of the babies is stopped. Thus Fashion upsets not only fashionable babies, but likewise many outside of her fold, and a great many mothers thus

get alienated from their own babies, and passionately attached to somebody else's baby.

There is one circumstance, however, in connection with this circulation of babies, that is particularly painful to think of: A fashionable mother pays, say twenty-four dollars a month to her nurse. This nurse pays twelve to her nurse; the nurse's nurse pays six dollars to her nurse; the nurse's nurse's nurse pays three dollars, and so on till the amount dwindles down through eighteen-pence, nine-pence, four-and-a-half cents, until it reaches some fraction of a cent unexpressed by our currency. What is painful in this connection is, that either the dead baby must be reached before any such reduction, or else that some babies must get very imperfect nursing.

Why, it is a frightful state of affairs, and certainly a subject for legislation. When Fashion begins to interfere with the laws of the public health, it is high time for the Legislature to step in.

If any of these considerations may induce even one fashionable woman to stand against Fashion, or induce the Legislature to take the matter in hand, the writer's aim will be accomplished.

THE WOODS AND FIELDS.

So, stupid, you are going to Saratoga, to Sharon, to half-a-dozen out-of-the-way places! You are going to run innumerable risks, on American railroads, of being smashed up. And all for what? Why, to get out of the hot and dusty town—to get sleep—to get fresh air, fresh fruit, fresh vegetables, country chickens, and quiet. You are tormented with an unresting desire for rest, and you want to see trees, grass, water, and butterflies, and to hear the singing of uncaged birds, the chirp of the cricket, to see grasshoppers and bees, sedate old cows, frisky colts running loose in fields, and the wind dreamily caressing the trees. You want to lay off in a sort of luxurious looseness or *abandon*, as a Frenchman would say, without a care for the tie of your cravat or the need of a waistcoat. You want to swing in a hammock, lulled by the soft summer breeze, or lay lazily rocking in a boat. In short, you are tired of an active life, energetic life, and want to

get into dreamland. You are tired of stern realities, and your poetic nature is aroused, and so you are going to the country. All very commendable indeed; but why go so far to get what you can find much nearer home?

Within a brisk hour's ride from the city, with no need of trusting your precious life to the railroad, you may find all you want. Here, where we are, on the banks of the Hudson, with the silent old Palisades staring at us, their stern grandeur softened by a blue veil of "what is it," and hill and trees all about us, you can see and hear all the rural sights and sounds that you can desire. Even now, as we look up, we see a small boy, with a straw hat on, up in a cherry tree, and there's a tall girl, down in the garden, with a check-apron and sun-bonnet, picking currants. The luxurious trees are waving in the breeze; a solitary cock is crowing his head off at the very untimely hour of 12 M., and a something or other is chirping away with a constancy that fairly tires one's nerves to listen to it. Here comes shirt-sleeved Jim, to say that "one of the 'osses his hout of the barn and runnin' hup the 'ill," and Jemima, the chambermaid, says she's "got the toothache and can't clean up them rooms, no how she can fix it." Meanwhile, Nature sleeps and dreams, or rather seems to do so. How like she is to the man of thought. He too seems an idler and a do-nothing to the noisy world — but it is only because, like Nature, he makes himself known by what he effects,

not by his workings—the workings are imperceptible. Put a seed in the ground, and you soon get tired of watching its growth. Slow old Nature, you'll never produce anything—laggard, how tiresome you are—how you drawl everything out of you! But time and patience, and that seed is a tree. And so said Newton in the intellectual world. It is "patient thought" that does the business. Patience, patience, and yet patience is a grand old lesson taught us by Nature, and how true it is that "*tout le malheur des hommes vient d'une seule chose, qui est de ne savoir pas demeurer en repos dans une chambre.*" Put that in your pipe, young man, and smoke it, and you'll find that Pascal was right.

The time of day in the country that we most delight in, is the afternoon near sunset. The mid-day heats are a little too fervent, the 2-o'clockers are a little more so, but when the sun has played himself out and feels so used-up that he wants to go to bed, that is the time of day for us. The breeze is fresher, and instead of the drowsy languor of noon you experience a sense of contented repose. We don't know why, but we always think of the face of the Madonna towards sun-set; there is such a soft and pleasant melancholy about the decline of the day, that even the sun himself may go down red and angry, and yet produce no corresponding effect on us. We feel calm, contented, and cheerful. But the spell is soon broken. Night, a hideous institution in the

country, comes with millers and bugs of all descriptions. The fire-flies in the trees look gay and interesting, but they get monotonous, and we don't want them in-doors. Then, if you go out to walk, and get belated, how spectral the trees look. The story of Jack the Giant-killer no longer seems a mere fable, and if you didn't keep stubbing your toes and tumbling into gullies, you would be on a constant *qui vive* for ogres. You hurry home, and to avoid the terrible bugs about the candles, hurry into bed. To sleep? No! nor yet to dream, but to toss—to toss from one side of the bed to the other, to turn yourself upside down—to tumble out of your narrow bed—to walk up and down your creaking room amidst the execration of your immediate neighbors. What makes the sheets so much hotter in the country than in the city? If one could only strike a light—but the matches won't go off. Augh! you've stubbed your toe aganist the iron bedstead, and go howling to bed again only to get up again. You would feel better if you only knew the time of night, but there's no moon, and though you twist your watch in all directions you are none the wiser. Soon the cocks begin to crow. Cheerful sound, from the heralds of the dawn. It will soon be daylight! Not a bit of it! cocks begin two hours before the dawn, and it's nothing but cock-a-doodle-doo for three hours after it. You hate cocks, and continue to hate them till—"rap, rap, rap—breakfast is ready." You look at your watch; it is 7 o'clock. There's one

comfort—you can see your watch, but you go drearily to breakfast, and spend the day in staring about with lack-lustre eyes. And how differently the country looks. The past night has entirely broken her charm.

Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter. The country is the place for day, but the city for night. You have, then, your choice, pleasant days and wretched nights, or miserable days and pleasant nights—"*chacun à son idée.*" For our own part we go with Charles Lamb, who, when urged to give up drinking, replied that he didn't see that it made much difference whether he drank or not, except as a matter of choice; for in one case he had glorious old nights with wretched mornings, and in the other, horrible nights with tolerable mornings, and for his part he preferred the glorious old nights.

And what real beauty, after all, is there in these monotonous trees? As much as there is in a pretty, but brainless girl, who, though you admire her at first, tires and *ennuis* you before you have known her two hours. Then the grass and flowers and water are all pretty enough, but where is their life? Give us the crowd of human beings with their passions, say we. What ho! for the city again. No matter for its heat, and noises intensified by heat; anything for life. Let us live, and see life about us, instead of these eternally monotonous vegetables. What ho! for the city.

A BOARDING-HOUSE IN THE COUNTRY.

"WILL you have another tumbler?"

"Shall we pass up the lemons?"

We are certainly having a very lively time up here —whether it can be called a gay one, is a matter of taste. Some people like one kind of excitement; others like another. For our own part we like the other, providing it isn't the kind we are having here. And yet the present condition of affairs is unavoidable under the present circumstances. As sure as that two and two make four, or that combustibles take fire when fire is applied to them, so sure must we go through the course of things that we are going through up here. Pack twenty individuals in one house, and leave them to their own resources. Give them the best food, and spring beds; yet there will be a row in that house. Twenty individuals, with each one his peculiar ideas of matters and things—twenty individuals, heretofore strangers, and con-

sequently ignorant each of the other's peculiarities—twenty individuals, each standing for his own rights! Why, we are almost inclined to believe that the late meteor was nothing more, after all, than a country boarding-house that had exploded under high pressure.

Such a thing might happen, provided the boarders were all women. Fortunately, in the majority of the country institutions, there are always two or more men, who act as a sort of fly-wheel, and thus prevent serious results. But why should women prove such disturbing agents? Simply because they have no reason. You ask a woman for her reasons, and she always says "Because." You may press her still further, but she can never get beyond the "because." Because what? "Why, because." The fact is, she has no reasoning powers whatever, and you might as well attempt to reason with a mosquito as a woman. She stings you and flies away. She is governed entirely by her instincts, and the only way to manage her is to let her have her own way—in other words, not to manage her at all. We do not mean by this to decry the merits of women. On the contrary, let us "give the devil his due," and so we acknowledge that women are nice, pretty, soft little creatures, with a good taste for dress, fine perceptions of ornaments; in short, that they are luxuries that every man who can afford it might as well possess. But you mustn't reason with them, any more than you would with your pet cat, and here the analogy becomes very strong,

for what after all is pussy but a soft, lazy, luxurious animal that does nothing but take care of her person, and purr when you pet her, but of whom you must beware when she once gets her back up.

Now, say we have ten of these luxurious animals in a house, with all their several little whims and caprices that must be gratified. Allow that each of these has what is called "a husband"—a being of the male gender who goes to town and works all day that he may dress this pet of his. He hardly gets into the house after his hard day's work, before his pet comes purring up to him—"Deary! Mrs. So-and-so *said* so-and-so; and Mrs. So-and-so *did* so-and-so; and there was *such* a so-and-so, you can't think; and I think Mrs. So-and-so *ought* to be so and so'd—*there*, that's what *I* think." If the husband attempts to reason with her, she begins to cry, and says he doesn't love her. If he trys to soothe her, she looks somewhat softened, but goes about looking like a woman bearing a load of affliction with the utmost patience and resignation. But if he simply says, with a firm and decided, "I'll see to it," she is proud of him, and goes about triumphant—*her* husband is not to be trifled with. And yet her husband, a man of experience, does not "see to it," and, in fact, don't think any thing more about it. The pet is satisfied, for she has what she wants—sympathy, and union of feeling.

Here, then, are ten separate squabbles every night to be adjusted in some way or other, and ten couples

off by themselves in corners. Now, out of these ten husbands, there are perhaps two or three who act the judicious part, and neither say nor think any thing more about it; but the other seven, already harassed by their business affairs, are now egged on and exasperated to such a pitch that a universal row ensues, beginning with high words, and ending in cool non-recognition of one another. Each couple goes off to talk of their grievances, and the "Happy Family" in one cage is complete.

What is the remedy for such a state of affairs? The most apparent one is that the husband should come to the country only once a week; but it is a fallacious one, for at the very suggestion, all the women are up in arms, and besides, the root of the evil not being removed, and the women having no protectors other than themselves, a general clawing would be the result. No, we must look a little deeper. A woman is a being of fine nervous temperament and high imaginative powers—both of them dangerous possessions, if not legitimately occupied. In the city or at large watering-places, they find their occupations naturally, and without any effort, but in a quiet country place they are entirely astray, and go poking about for something to get hold of.

The billy-goat in the field opposite our window is an apt illustration. His mistress tied him, about a week ago, to a tree in the middle of a smooth grassy lawn. He had plenty of rope and plenty of grass,

but he spent his whole time in complaining and groaning over his unhappy fate. The only respite we had from his lamentations was his feeding-time. What could be the matter with Billy? Nothing under the sun but the want of a rock. He had no place to exercise his climbing propensities, and so, of course, was miserable whenever he felt like climbing. A day or two since, a step-ladder was accidentally left within range of his rope. Billy immediately stopped crying, and began climbing. His rope hindered him from getting up more than three or four steps, and then he nearly broke his neck; but his lamentations were at an end, for, at any rate, he could climb.

And so let the women take a lesson from Billy. Let them give their restless faculties their legitimate occupation, and if no other course presents itself, let them adopt the following regimen: Instead of sitting in the house all day, let them take a long, brisk walk in the cool of the morning, and ditto in the cool of the evening. This will tone down their nervous system in a measure; and then instead of looking at nothing but hem-stitch and crochet needles, let them give some attention to the beauties of nature, or read poetry, or do any thing in short that will exercise their imaginative faculties. At any rate, until they do something to exercise these irritating agents, we must expect groans and lamentations, and we beseech them to free us from the latter. Old Dr. Johnson said

that "genius was nothing but natural powers accidentally directed," and a row is nothing, after all, but the result of natural powers misdirected. Oh dear! "me wife is me wife, but me pipe is me comfort."

SHARON SPRINGS.

We came here by the North River boat up the North River as far as Albany, whence we took the cars to Palatine Bridge, and thence by stage to our present moorings. We first attempted the "Pavilion;" but "Sharon is full," so were obliged to put up with a "Hole in the Wall."

"Sharon is full"—which means, that the "Pavilion" is; for the Pavilion bears the same relation to Sharon that Paris does to France. It is the "cock of the roost," and if you're not a Pavilioner, you're nobody, and might as well be nowhere as be at Sharon. When Sharon is empty, Sharon is a very hard place to get in. The *facilis decensus averni* reversed is nothing to it, but when Sharon (of course we mean the Pavilion) is full, then—"Sharon is full."

How many disconsolate wights have we seen drop their lower jaw at that terrible *dictum*, "Sharon is full." In fact, the only wight there admitted is

"broiled white," but that the Pavilion has every day for dinner. Of course the society here is rich, for it is the *crème de la crème* of New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and if there be any other town of any importance in the United States, Sharon has its representative. But it is harder to enter than Congress. You can get in there by going to Wisconsin or Kansas, &c., but no such indirect route leads to the Pavilion. No, indeed, you must have credentials of a higher order. At the Pavilion, everybody knows everybody else, and the lord of the manor knows them all. "Oh, it is very nice, the society at the Pavilion. It is charming," said a young lady of the rose-bud order to us one day—"it is so charming to meet only people that you know." We like bread and butter occasionally. Another advantage of the Pavilion is—the dogs. You can't turn a corner without stepping on a dog's tail. These dogs are principally of the "black and tan order." These dogs would be an interesting study —but in hot weather dogs are too suggestive, and there's not one of them with a muzzle. We would rather face the mouth of one forty-pounder than those of forty dogs on a hot day. But the Pavilion is a "little kingdom of its own," and one word of expostulation, and off you go instead of the dogs. Besides its veneration for dogs in which it somewhat resembles the ancient Egyptians, only they worshiped cats, it on the contrary differs from them in another respect—that namely of caste. Servants as well as dogs are allowed

to "range the house." We know that the United States is a Republic and a great country, and we believe in freedom and equality, but, singular to say, we don't believe in servants lolling about in easy arm-chairs or writing letters at the same table with you, or even in their grinning and cracking jokes at your expense. The result of this too great liberty is easy to be foreseen. The attendance becomes indifferent. These luxurious waiters acquire habts of indolence and carelessness. We acknowledge they are very good-natured with it all, for though they do nearly knock your eye out with a fork, drop the butter-knife into your pocket, and spill scalding tea over your thinly-breeched legs, still they console you with a good hearty laugh, which is very refreshing, coming as it does from the cause of all your mishaps. We have seen "High Life below stairs" on the stage, but we never saw the representation of "Low Life up-stairs" before, and we must confess we don't like the piece.

The Pavilion not only has its own peculiar government, but it likewise has its own religion. This is millenial, for it has but one church called the "Union," and in this all sects and denominations may preach indiscriminately. The history of this church constitutes a singular episode in the annals of the Pavilion, and it may also be said to commence a new era in the history of the world—for, since the Reformation, no such great event has occurred as the union of all sects into one church. Its history may be

briefly given as follows: It was certainly not more than a century ago that the adherents of the Pavilion began to feel the need of a church. In a short time the necessary amount was raised by a subscription, and when in steps an Episcopal clergyman asked for the money to build *the* church, the ruler of the Pavilion immediately "got his back up," and retorted that the object of the subscriptions was not to build *the* church, but *a* church, and in process of time his remark was verified by the appearance of "a neat and convenient edifice" on the Pavilion territory. Thus far it has been preached in twice—once by a Presbyterian, and once again by a Presbyterian. Whether it is to be always a Presbyterian, remains to be seen; but it is quite certain it will never be an Episcopalian, for that sect now have a church of their own—a very neat edifice, but not quite so "convenient" nor commodious as the "Union."

Notwithstanding all its peculiarities, Sharon is a most delightful place. The air is so exhilarating that you seem to drink in nectar at every draught. Cocktails are consequently at a discount. Not only, too, are you exhilarated through your drinking apparatus, but your very eye is constantly fed. The country smiles on you with such a bright, joyous glance, and looks so benevolently and blandly at you, that even when you do tread on the "black and tan" tails, you have no inclination to kick their owners forty feet into the air with the interrogation, "What are you doing

there?" On the contrary you leave out the interrogation, and kick them a much shorter distance. The very countrymen of the place seem to be under its spell, or rather talk, for whenever you meet one, he accosts you with "How do you do, sir?" The first time we were thus addressed by a man we had never seen before, we were somewhat astonished, to be sure, but we only shouted out in return, "Halloo! how are you?" as though we'd known him for centuries.

There is one thing, however, that entirely exceeds our comprehension, and astonishes us much more than the cordial greetings of the countrymen. We find ourself constantly called "*blasé*," "played out," and other equally ignominious appellations, merely because we are not seen all day and all night on the front piazza with the ladies. What in the name of common sense does a man go to the country for if it is to talk nonsense to ladies on front piazzas? We must confess we have yet to learn the fact, for we have not succeeded thus far in getting it into our stupid noddle. On the contrary, we believe man goes into the country for quiet and recruiting purposes. We believe in walks, in woods, in quiet nooks, in watching water trickling over the rocks, in looking at quiet old cows grazing on the hillsides, in contemplating sunsets and moon-risings. We believe in poking about alone and seeing grass and butterflies, and it is a great source of pleasure for us merely to see the gray hairs of aged dandelions scattered by the wind. We like dear-

ly, too, to hear bumblebees, provided they don't come too near, and the smell of a pine wood fairly enchants us. What, in short, is it but the country itself that man goes into the country for? The rustle of silks and the twaddle of women you can get in the city. We don't care in the country whether Mrs. So-and-so is dressed better than Mrs. What-you-call-her; nor for tea-fights in low, dingy rooms, with dirty tallow candles sputtering out bad smells, nor for rolling ten-pins in close alleys, nor billiard-playing under ground. We came to the country to get out of all this. We shun the hum of men to hear the hum of nature, and so—we are "*blasé!*" Well, we only hope we'll keep so.

SOCIETY AT SHARON.

"ALLAH akbar!" We are at length in the "Pavilion." We are somebody, and we expand with the thought. We have left the Hole-in-the-Wall, and now form one of that select and elegant coterie which decorates "the front piazza." We do not, to be sure, take any prominent part in the proceedings, but we have the privilege of gracing the walls, and as we are modest we do not even avail ourselves of that privilege. We merely peep in at the windows: "Sister Anne, what do you see?" "We see a great cloud of muslin." "Any thing else?" "Not much."

But though we at length live in the "Pavilion," we do not constitute one of the fixtures. We do occasionally get out of it, and the result of these occasional movements is a slight increase in our topographical knowledge of the place. The Pavilioners, as a general rule, know that there are Springs here, for that knowledge is part of their formula. They are

expected to go down there before each meal, whether they imbibe or not. That done, they can get back to their front piazza again, and the ardor with which they perform the latter movement is one of the sights to be seen. Wherever we go or whatever we do, we are always sure to be on hand to witness this performance. The front piazza is their world, and the village of Sharon Springs (we must ourselves acknowledge it) is not worthy of their notice. But judge for yourselves. The village is situated in a sort of a valley on the top of a hill in the midst of a crowd of other hills, some smaller and some longer and some not so much so. It consists of but one street with houses longer and shorter on either side, and to the eye of the observer, from the top of Sunset Hill, it looks very much like a train of cars, with the Pavilion for a locomotive, off the track. But if the observer follows the road till he gets in the rear of the village, it then presents the appearance of a lot of houses down in a hole, all huddled together to keep warm; and if it be a cold day, the observer always wishes himself down there. What is going on in these houses is not so difficult to say, for you may be pretty certain that it is either washing and ironing or twaddling on the piazzas, for Sharon Springs is nothing but a collection of hotels, boarding-houses and washwomen. It is true that we heard one of the inhabitants say the other day that he drove a "be-risk-te-rade," but on following him up, we found that his "be-risk-te-rade" consisted

in selling pennyworths of candy and three-cent glasses of lager bier. So that though their sale may have kept him brisk and lively, the receipts could hardly be said to be commensurate with his exertions. There is also an individual here who prosecutes the following singular avocations. He is a "fancy sign, landscape, banner, flag and shade artist, cutter, painter and grainer." This man must have someting to do, and judging by analogy, from the variety of articles we have seen in one country store here, there must certainly be also some "admirable Crichton" of a man, who combines the lawyer, doctor and minister in his single person. This, however, we have no authority for, further than surmise. We know there are two distinct doctor shops here, but the most notable and promising sign we saw about them was that they were always shut up.

The great staple, however, of Sharon Springs, is sulphur water. This extraordinary product is said to have been discovered by sick Indians, and they are said to have found it by their instinct, but we wouldn't give two pence for such instinct, for any man with a nose could perform the same feat. These infernal brimstone springs have an attendant imp in the shape of marshy ground, and on our very first visit to them we received its particular attentions, for having passed the spring and its horrible odors, we gave a bound of delight upon the grassy sward, and found ourselves

knee-deep in the mud—white trousers, too. So we went home amid the jeers of the populace.

But the great charm of Sharon lies in its views and its sheep, and they are equally sublime. If there be any preference we would give it to the sheep. We can now sympathize with "little Bo-peep, who lost her sheep, and didn't know where to find them." We no longer wonder at the grief the poor child must have suffered. She had probably lived on just such mutton as we are now living on. Think, then, what her loss must have been? Mutton which fairly melts in your mouth, and that frequently too. Mutton for breakfast, mutton for dinner, and mutton for supper. The only time when mutton is left out is at the meal called "tea," and then we have raspberries. But *laissons nos moutons et revenons* to the "Pavilion," and yet we don't like to go there. We feel that we were not constructed on "high society" principles. We believe "there is a time to dance," but then we don't believe it's all the time; and when we want to sneeze, we should like to be able to do it. Indeed we have already made a most terrible blunder since we came here. Having noticed a very benevolent-looking old lady making herself very conspicuous among the guests, we were deceived by her actions and appearance into the belief that she was the landlady of the house, and having been somewhat discontented with the appearance of the raspberries at tea, we took it

upon ourselves to express our utter disapprobation of any such proceedings. At the same time we mildly suggested our conviction of the fact that berries of all kinds were of a rural nature, and consequently ought to be found good in the country; likewise that they were much better fresh than when stale and squashy. The effect of our exordium was most extraordinary. The hitherto eternal smile on her face kept subsiding and subsiding, until it finally became entirely subsidiary to an awful placidity—no, not placidity. The ocean is placid sometimes, and sometimes it is very much wrinkled, and this old lady's face was very suggestive of "ocean's frown." The old lady frowned and then went off in a tornado movement. We were very much bothered by this reception of our suggestions, but were shortly after taken to task for having made "such an awful mistake," and were informed that the old lady "would never forgive us." This was very distressing, and, at the same time, a very fine beginning to make in "high society."

It appears that each of the watering places has one of these lady-supervisors. Their business (an entirely self-imposed one, by the by) is—to be the first one on hand at the place, then to welcome all the guests, then get rooms for them or show them to those they've already engaged, and then fuss about and make every body happy. Whether their efforts are successful is another question, but we cannot see why they should be so indignant at being addressed by the *title* of

"landlady," when they, in reality, perform all the functions. For our own part, indeed, we cannot see why a landlord or landlady is not as good as any body else; but then we are not *au fait*, so that, of course, accounts for our want of discernment. Having, however, stumbled on this new variety of female humanity, we have taken the liberty to study it. Our conclusion is, that good nature is a great institution; but a question arises: Is good-nature *per se* sufficient? Does not the human heart *crave* (*as romantic young ladies would say*) something in addition? We humbly think it does. It wants good nature to be guided by good sense. But, then, we forget ourselves, for what is "society" (*so-called*) but a mass of inconsistencies. We only wonder they didn't call it "inconsistency," instead of "society;" but, then, we forget again, for if they had, they would have been consistent, and so it wouldn't be "society." Society!—we're in society now, and we have the honor to sign ourself at length a Pavilioner.

CHARMS OF THE COUNTRY.

We have been poking about the watering-places long enough. We're tired of city life, so have come to the country. We know we shall be put down for our impertinence in taking so audacious a step, but we are "on our high horse" now, and the fashion can't stop us. We know it is not the "ton" to go in the country. We know that the "ton," in the summer season, is to infest big piazzas, to get strangled in small bedrooms, to go wild with the clash of crockery, and to get—nothing to eat. But we're not on the "ton" just now. We've seen enough of millinery and silk dresses, and enough of very light cassimere pants, vests, and coats to match. We've been inspected enough through plain glass eye-glasses for not wearing the same material, and we've been snubbed enough for the same reason. We have discovered, that to glory in a clean shirt every morning is not enough for watering-places, and that the clean shirt must be

accompanied by the light cassimere clothes. We have seen enough of watering-place society, with its brazen lady-landladies. We've seen enough selfishness, *pseudo*-refinement, and false gilding. We know well enough that all the young girls go there for rich husbands, and all the young men for rich wives. We also know that both parties get frequently "sold," and that all would be in the same category except for a few manœuvring mammas. It is wonderful, the amount of penetration possessed by these same mammas. The papas are all bored; they want to get home to do business; they don't like this "sort of thing;" but the mamma says, "No, dear; we must get them married off. Don't you see, dear?" And papa goes off and plays whist, to keep from dying of *ennui*. Yes, we've had enough of all this stuff, and so we've come to the country. One week in it has made us a different man. The looking-glass no longer shows every morning a thin, cadaverous face, with a pair of dead eyes. To be sure, our face is still thin, but there is a faint, promising flush on the cheek, and the eyes are waking up. "Rome was not built in a day," neither do we expect to fill the caverns in our cheeks in a week, but we know that the work is already commenced. We have got a new sensation—hunger. We actually get hungry occasionally. This would be a lamentable occurrence at a watering-place; but here, Nature abhors vacuum, and has supplied plenty of pleasures to fill it. Eggs that you can pick

yourself,—for eggs grow, as well as any thing else. They are the natural products of barns, cabbage-gardens, and all out-of-the-way places. You take a piece of chalk, the shape and size of an egg, put it in an out-of-the-way corner, and not long after you'll have a crop of eggs. Then, there are chickens, which are nothing but ripe eggs. Eggs turned by some process of Nature into chicken-meat, bones and feathers; and very different they are from the things called "chicken" in the city. The country chicken is no antediluvian, shrivelled-up fossil of a spread eagle; it is a plump, juicy institution, that makes your mouth water to look at it. Then, there's milk: not the mineral—no limestone production, but an animal liquid, daily supplied by an amiable old creature called a "cow." But then, such butter! It always used to bother us where butter came from. Our idea was that it must have come from a salt mine, mixed up in some inscrutable way with tubs. But it appears that butter is made by women. We happened one day to be out in a place called the "wood-house," where a very singular occurrence took place. A woman who was there put on an apron, and then proceeded towards a singular-looking institution with a stick in it; she began working it up and down as though her very life depended on the operation. "What in the name of wonder are you doing there?" said we. "Making butter, you fool!" Being in pursuit of knowledge, we disregarded the superfluous

appellation, and mildly asked her the rationale of the process; when, to our astonishment, she wheeled upon us, and delivered herself of the following remarkable sentiment: "Naow, look a-here, Mister; I don't warnt none of yaour gas. You've been a-follering me areound and areound ever since yaou've been here, and I won't steand it no longer. Naow go!" We went, but we know one thing—butter is made by women, in some way or other.

One of our greatest delights here is to get in an old barn, and then get up on top of a pile of hay. Why we like it, we can't for the life of us tell; but we can sit on top of a lot of hay for hours, without feeling the least *ennui*. We seem to have a particular predilection for hay, for we are very fond of going out into the fields to see the men mow. We came near getting scythed down, though, the other day, having got on the wrong side of the instrument; and this circumstance has somewhat modified our enthusiasm. In fact, of late we content ourselves with sitting on a fence, and watching the scythers at a respectable distance.

Then, the jolly old drives up here. We wonder who invented old wagons, with wooden springs, and a buffalo-robe on each seat. None of your sleepy barouches for us. Give us, say we, a good, easy jolt on the buffalo-robes. It stirs one up amazingly, and you see ten times more of the country than out of a barouche. And then, if you've got a pretty girl next

to you, how you *can* make love! Love! Oh, love! there's another sensation we've got since we've been here. We thought we'd outlived "love," and all that sort of thing. We thought we'd got callous, and that our heart was withered, &c.; but it appears that we were only bottled up. The formal drawing-room young ladies never had any effect on us. But here we come to the country, and, to our astonishment, we experience extraordinary sensations. We see a young girl with sun-burnt face in a sun-bonnet, and we accost her with the same indifference that we have always felt towards the petticoat tribe. Do we? No, we don't. We don't feel quite so easy as usual. We see a pair of confiding eyes and a little innocent mouth, and we don't know how it happens, but we're "not ourself at all." We feel "quenched," as it were, and very much agitated. The blood, that before was stagnant in our veins, seems to wake up and run about us like wildfire. In short, it actually circulates, which is more than could be said of it for many a year; and all this brought about by a sun-bonnet and a sun-burnt face. No, it was the mouth and eyes that did it, and the warm little face. Thank you, my dear, for the sensation; you've made us feel like old times. But this will never do. A fresh nature like yours should never be mated with a *blasé* man; and we wouldn't impose on you, my dear, even though we see you might easily be imposed on. Oh, it's all very

well to talk of indications in us that have lately appeared, but they're only flickerings, my dear, and town life will soon put them all out. To-morow we'll get out "Bacon," and read philosophy. Yes, we'll not go near this siren. But, then, what happens to-morrow? Why, to-morrow we don't eat as much breakfast as usual, and our cigar is very flat. We think we'll take a little stroll and, perhaps, we'll feel more like going at "Bacon." We take a little stroll, but how very extraordinary that we should see our little siren! What an extraordinary circumstance!—that we should be at home the very time she's always at home. Very singular, to be sure. Bah! who's going to be tied to a woman? Who? Yes, who? Well, whoever is, why shouldn't he be? If being tied to a woman promotes happiness, why shouldn't a man get tied? *Not* to get tied to a woman, is independence; but independence is only an idea. Why, then, be a slave to an idea, rather than to a woman? What's an idea? An idea! We've not the slightest idea. But a woman!—a soft, gentle creature, who looks at you out of a pair of eyes that remind you of wells, whose very heart seems at the bottom of them, and who causes you extraordinary sensations. Isn't it better to be tied to such a tangible institution, than to a mere intangible thing called an idea, a cold, abstract sort of concern? But, then, suppose she don't keep looking at you, as she does now. Suppose she don't

continue to cause emotions. Suppose she's only a temporary stir-up. Horrible thought! We are distracted by conflicting emotions. Ah! here's Shakespeare; he'll decide it. Well, what say you? "Woman, thy name is frailty." Hum!—To-morrow we go to Saratoga.

A BALLAD

ON A LITTLE GIRL WHO WAS BURNED TO DEATH, JULY 5TH.

It was a bright and sunny day—
I saw a little girl,
Who sang, and danced, and laughed away,
Showing her teeth of pearl.

Oh, bright the little creature was—
Her eyes like dew-drops gleamed,
And in her dress of simple white,
So innocent she seemed.

The little, gentle, dainty thing,
She seemed more like a sprite,
With her delicate and graceful form,
And skin so soft and white.

I passed her by with gentle care—
I passed her tenderly,
Lest the least touch might blight a bud
So fair and frail as she.

Merrily shone the sun that day,
And merrily laughed she,
And merrily my heart did beat,
That merry sight to see.

But hardly was I out of sight,
When I heard a dreadful cry:
I hear it yet—It burns my brain—
"I'm on fire!—Oh, help!—I die!"

A chill went shivering through my heart;
I turned me quick, and saw,
All wrapped in fierce, devouring flames,
That little tender flower.

I saw a gallant man rush forth,
And strive to quench the flame,
Tear off his coat, and wrap it round
The little gentle frame.

Alas! the wind was strong and fresh,
The gallant man too late;
The flames remorselessly preyed on,
And left her to her fate.

Poor child! the flames unpitying were,
They parched her with their breath;
In the first blush of childhood's joy
They sent her down to death.

But she's gone where her mother has gone before—
She has gone to a place of rest;
And the dear little creature is now at peace,
With her head on her mother's breast.

FOR THAT YOUNG WOMAN.

Would you allow us, through your columns, to suggest the discontinuance of a "most grievous and crying nuisance?" It is one, we believe, without the pale of the law, but yet not without that of common charity; and in the name of that common charity we do most earnestly beseech that individual who has the room next to us to desist singing lugubrious songs. We don't ask her to "dry up" totally, but specifically. We only beg her to change the melody. We have no doubt she is a very unhappy individual, and we sympathize with her in her woe to a reasonable extent; but we do not acknowledge her right to make us irretrievably unhappy. We have our woes as well as she; and that is by no means the least one of them that is occasioned by her publication of her woes.

If, however, it proves a real happiness to her, and if she really pours out all her woe by singing lugu-

brious songs, we would be the last to object to it, and hope she will pay no attention whatever to our request; but if she would only modify our misery a little by singing a *little* lower (*that is, of course, if the modification will be attended by a like result in her case*), we are certain she would add materially to our happiness.

She has undoubtedly a very fine voice, and has certainly succeeded in the pathetic muse. Might we humbly suggest an attempt in a more lively strain? With all due respect for her vocal powers as powers, and quavers as quavers, we remain, hers, nervously and quaveringly.

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PAGES FROM THE DIARY OF A LADY'S MAN.

Sunday.—Woke up this morning at 11. Put on my new doeskins. They set beautifully over the boot—not a wrinkle in the leg, nor a speck of dust to mar their shining blackness! Then, my handsome fancy vest, with lapelled pockets and single-breasted (*double-breasted is becoming vulgar*), with plain buttons is decidedly *outre*. It took me some time to decide which cravat to wear, but finally concluded to don my spotless black. Brushed my hair forward as usual, with a delicate *part* behind. It was then 3 P. M. Half an hour after, the gong sounded for dinner. It seems to me very vulgar to eat like common people.

Saw Araminta. She looked charmingly! She was dressed in a beautiful silk, with a pure white stomacher, and a *sweet* head-dress trimmed with "Brusssels." The gems in her bracelet were *superb*, and the diamonds on her taper fingers outshone her

jewelled eyes. Besides, she's an heiress—10,000 a year. What an addition! Why, I could import all my coats from Paris; I could dress *superbly*, and how the "beau monde" would admire us! She is a charming girl. After dinner strolled down Broadway to Grace church; saw Laura, Maria, and Wilhelmina just coming out. All three bowed sweetly. I then met Araminta, whom I joined. How my heart palpitated! She has such "a *love* of a hat." She is going to "the Opera" to-morrow evening, and I must surely be there. She told me what dress she will appear in; and I talked about our young ladies, "so beautiful, but so infinitely inferior to her." She smiled *sweetly*, and gazed into my face so lovingly, that I could hardly refrain from asking her an important question. But I must exercise more control over my feelings. Her property may be mortgaged! After a short walk we parted, and I sauntered slowly to my hotel, (*opposite Union Park*). Sunday evenings are so tiresome! But, to the material world! I must contrive some way of replenishing my purse; it jingles dolefully, and always has a gaping mouth and empty stomach. Thank fortune, I have yet one more pair of "patents."

Monday.—Awoke this morning at 1 A. M. Was too indolent to dress, so lay in bed and read Dumas' last novel. His views of society are charming. If we could only have a second Paris here! My dinner was brought to me at 3, as usual. After dinner I went

to the window and looked out. It was snowing, and as the flakes dropped silently to the pavement, I saw Araminta pass. Heavens! in a snow-storm with her new bonnet and pelisse! I seized my small green silk *parapluie*, and at length overtook her. Alas! it was too small for both. I did not gape like a "bumpkin," nor apologize like a fool—some people are *so* absurd—but I shielded her with it from the snow, and went myself unprotected. She at length noticed my unsheltered condition, but as we were within two or three steps of her dwelling, it was "of no consequence."

In the evening, went to "the Opera," that delightful place, the rich man's treasury. I had *such* a "*delightful*" talk with Araminta. She whispered to me from behind her fan, and said—it was very warm. Looking up inadvertently, I saw a tall, rough-looking man, without gloves, holding a hat with a black lining, and attentively regarding us. I thought at first that it must be some *horrible wretch* thus to violate the laws of decorum. I asked "Arry" if she knew who he was, and she said he was her—father. How people are deceived by appearances! He must, of course, be a *gentleman*, for he is worth several *hundred thousand*. I must be introduced to him.

During the interval between the acts, visited several ladies. How I am received everywhere! I am the admired pet and lap-dog of the ladies! I could select any one of them as my partner for life.

Came home very sleepy, and retired quite early, to prepare myself for to-morrow evening, as I must then accept invitations to three parties.

Tuesday.—After a long, dismal day spent in trying on my new suit of black, which I found to sit *superbly*, evening came, and at 10 P. M. started to make my *rounds*. I dance the polka delightfully, as well as the redowa and mazourka — thus had the pleasure of pressing my dear "Arry" close to this devoted heart—for I find that reports are true, and that she will come in possession of her property on her next birthday. I must bring matters quickly to a close. Let me see—to-morrow evening I'll see her at "the Opera;" Thursday at Mrs. B——'s party; and then Friday at "the Opera" again, when I will propose. Came home worn-out and feeling miserably. Retired at 3 A. M.

Wednesday.—Awoke with a bad headache; however, dressed myself in time for the afternoon promenade. Met several ladies, some of whom I joined, but found none equal to Arry. Came home, cleared my complexion with Roussel's admirable preparation. Really, that Roussel is a benefactor to mankind. Dressed myself most becomingly, and went to "the Opera." I looked pale and interesting. Arry complimented me on my "distingué" appearance. Women are truly angels, and always tell the truth so delightfully. As I was escorting Arry to her carriage, a *man* stepped on my "patents," and soiled them.

The *man* appeared embarrassed, and begged my pardon, but I looked very fiercely at him, when I saw that he was frightened; and it all passed off admirably, for I had the satisfaction of hearing Arry tell her friend "how courageously he acted." After reaching home, felt dull, so took some wine with a friend. Retired at 2.15 A. M.

Thursday.—I felt miserably all day, so did nothing. In the evening, however, I brightened up, and went to Mrs. B——'s. Danced until 1, and then left for home. My head feels very unpleasant, and my hand trembles so that I can scarcely trace a letter; so I'll not write any more to-day. To-morrow night Arry will be mine!

* * * * * *

[Note.—The unhappy writer of the above started for "the Opera" on Friday evening, after having been confined to his bed all day. When the coachman opened the door of the carriage, he found his master, lying back, with one hand on his forehead, and the other placed on a rent in the knee of his pantaloons. He had probably torn them while entering the carriage, and his already excited feelings, with pride and mortification combined, were without doubt the cause of his death. He was immediately conveyed home, and proper remedies were resorted to, but he never breathed again.]

LEBANON AND THE SHAKERS.

Having concluded to go to Lebanon Springs with a friend, to spend the Fourth of July—a day ever memorable in the annals of our country—agreed to meet him at the dépôt in time to take the cars at 8 o'clock A. M. We were to meet there at 7.30; but balmy sleep had so fettered me with her silken cords, that I hadn't the strength to break them as early as I should have done. We succeeded, however, in obtaining seats.

It was a cloudy morning, commencing early to rain pitchforks, gradually subsiding into a comfortable drizzle, and then ending off in clouds, so that the aspect of affairs was rather unpleasant as far as regarded the weather; but we had that within which manfully carried us through the storm, and that was—the buoyancy and hopefulness of youth. As we rattled along over the rails, we anxiously watched the sky, hoping that our endeavors might be crowned

with a glimpse of ethereal blue; but we saw nothing but gray clouds, which lent a sombre look to the beautiful scenery through which we passed, though at times the mountain-tops covered with fog presented a beautiful spectacle, which we would have missed had it been a clear day.

After reaching Bridgeport we changed cars for the Housatonic railway. On this road the scenery became more beautiful than any we had yet seen; and passing up the valley of the Housatonic, and through the Berkshire Hills, it seemed, at times, enchanting. At length we reached Pittsfield, where we took seats for Lebanon in a barouche, on the back seat of which were two interesting old ladies, who beguiled the tedium of the way by their remarks on the beauties of Nature, especially flowering grass, all the various botanical genera, species, &c. One of the ladies seemed almost too well acquainted with them for our comfort, for she gave such minute descriptions, that our poor ear was tired to death with listening. Now, to some scrupulously delicate individuals, the fact of our listening may seem a great breach of politeness, inasmuch as the conversation was not apparently directed to us. But when two individuals find two old ladies leaning on their four knees in their endeavors to see flowering grasses, both of these individuals must, if they follow the course of Nature, be very anxious to know what the old ladies are looking at.

And now, having ascended a long hill, we begin

to descend, and, in process of time, reached Lebanon, which we found to be situated on the side of a hill, commanding a splendid view of the surrounding country.

The next morning, being the ever-living Fourth of July, awoke after a sleepless night caused by the firing of cannon and ringing of about fifty bells. About half past five there was a cessation of rejoicings, which made me rejoice exceedingly, and I rolled back to old Somnus with a glad heart, and in his arms courted "balmy sleep."

In the afternoon went to see the Shakers. We walked through a charming country, all of which delighted us, but it was up hill all the way. The place is kept with wonderful neatness. Even before we reach the village, the hand of the Shaker may be seen in the wisps of straw wrapped around the trees to prevent injury from the bugs; the long stone wall, and the fields closely mowed. The village itself is composed of from twenty to thirty houses, of which each contains swarms of Shakers—the sexes separated, of course. We walked on to a store, where a very pretty woman attended, who smilingly welcomed us with the pure look of benevolence, and sold us maple sugar, etc. Passing a house, my eye was caught by that of a fair damsel who was kneading dough, but it needed only one glance for me, and I was "done for." Such a beautiful and loving expression I have never before met with, and I meditated, at the moment,

strong resolves of rescuing her from the cold-blooded set. On our way back, the country looked perfectly lovely—the air redolent of buckwheat sweets and perfume of flowers, mingled with the sweet-scented clover, regaled the nose; while the ear fed by the lowing of cows and other rural sounds, and the eye fairly revelled as it rolled over the glorious prospects before us.

We reach the hotel in time for tea. Our poor darkey had stood behind our chairs for the last hour, faithful as Casabianca to his post.

It now being Sunday, and having heard a great deal of the Shaker form of worship, we concluded to go to-day, and see for ourselves if the ceremonies were as ridiculous as they have been represented to be. It was a glorious morning, and we rode on the top of the stage, while party after party followed in their own and other conveyances. We soon reached the meeting-house, which we found to be a good-sized building kept in the neatest order—the floors scrubbed and polished until they shone, and two old Shakers sitting by a stove, silently contemplating us as we entered. We took our seats, separated by a rail from the ladies, and waited patiently for the performance to commence.

Looking around we saw four holes, or rather slits, in the wall, through which, we were told, four elders peeped to see that all was right, and that no random glances proceeded from the Shakeresses.

Pretty soon the Shakers began to flock in—the men in shirt sleeves (generally), with the hair cut short over the forehead, but hanging long behind; and the women with white caps and neckerchiefs, and the waists of their dresses up to their bosoms, and high-heeled shoes on their feet.

Having taken their seats, the men on one side and the women on the other side of the room, both sexes facing, they commenced by singing. Then, all arose and stood, the sexes facing each other, forming divergent lines from the back to the front part of the floor, when one of the men stepped in the opening between the sexes, and harangued them. They then sang again, and then all turned their backs to the spectators, and commenced dancing forwards and backwards to the tune of the "Bould soldier boy," and one something like "Oh, Susannah," meanwhile moving their hands up and down before them. Then they faced about again, and the men, pairing off, commenced marching, the women following them, while the young girls formed a ring in the centre of the room in the same manner. Thus there was a large ring of old Shakers around the outskirts of the room, and a small one of the young ones in the centre. These all danced after each other, singing, and raising their hands up and down. Some seemed as though they were exalted to the skies, and worked their bodies in a most furious manner. One little old man was lame, and his movements were painfully ridiculous. Every

now and then you could distinguish the following line plainly sung at the top of their voices:

"I want a piece of pie."

I don't suppose those were the words, but, though I tried to find what they really were, I was always answered by

"I want a piece of pie."

At length they came to a stop, and all seated themselves, while sighs and long breaths from exhaustion were heard throughout the room. Then, several in turn addressed the meeting. One of them twisted passages from the Scripture into such strange forms, that I wondered how the Shakers themselves could keep their faces. Another in turn exclaimed that he was "safe, positively safe," and went on telling his experience.

And finally, another arose, and told us we were dismissed, after thanking us for our attention during their services.

They are, indeed, a singular people. Their system seems to be an excellent one. Would they only abolish their peculiarities—the obnoxious ones, I mean —and live on the principle of equality of property and equality of works, and the subjection of their bodies to their minds, their system, in my humble opinion, would be productive of much happiness.

They surely would then be capable of doing a great deal of good.

To-morrow we return home, loath to leave Lebanon, to which the pleasantness of the place has strongly endeared us.

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EARLY DAYS.

Oh, for the days when I was yet a boy,
When life was fresh, and naught but pleasure gave;
When the bright stars did hold me, gazing long,
Not in the wonder of stupidity,
But as entranced by their great mystery;
When with full heart I felt—I know not what—
Save a vague wish to clasp in my embrace
The world and stars, and all that they contained—
A sense of keen and exquisite delight—
A longing for the freedom of the air—
When I did hate the close and impure town,
And the false pleasures its infection breeds,
And found true pleasure in simplicity,
In manners uncorrupt, and open ways.

Why, when a boy I found great happiness
In the caresses of the summer air,
As I lay, careless, on some grassy hill,
Or watched the sun still lingering in the sky,

Clothing with splendor the enchanted earth,
Or e'en by day, passing the sunny hours
Chasing the bumblebee or butterfly,
Stopping, perhaps, to taste the sweetbrier's sweets,
Perhaps to blow the dandelion's down,
And see it float away upon the air,
Or quench my thirst in some cool shaded spring.
Pleasant the frolics, too, among the woods,
With country damsels fresh with ruddy health;
Pleasant the fishing in the quiet lake,
Or for the speckled trout in some black stream.
And then, the flavor of the coarse brown bread,
Rendered delicious by keen appetite,
With the mysterious butter in the loaf.
Oh, for those days when, fresh with youth and health,
I spurned the lazy luxury of bed,
And in the freshness of the early morn,
Sprang up to meet the coming of the day,
Flung up the sash and drank the morning air,
Quaffing deep draughts of life and health and strength,
And, springing on my saddled steed, did ride
Full tilt o'er hill and plain, the country round.
The generous steed sharing the pleasures too,
Excited, snorting, flies along the road.
Hey! on, faster and faster on we go—
Until the overflow of spirit spent,
We settle down into a calmer mood,
And taste the pleasures of well-earned repose.
Alas! those glorious days are past and gone—
The generous blood that once gave warmth and life,

The ruddy cheek and springy step are gone,
And naught remains but languor and decay.
Or, if the weary mind revives the past,
And feels a moment's strength—it lives again—
Alas! 'tis but the flicker of the light,
And all seems darker than it was before.
Transient, indeed, the pleasures of this earth—
They are but icebergs, glittering in the sun,
Whose very beauty their destruction proves.

NIGHT.

With notes explanatory, or otherwise, by the author.

'Tis Night![1] the time when common[2] men
Seek dim-eyed slumber's[3] soft repose,
When on the roost, both cock and hen
Strive on one leg[4] to get a doze.
'Tis now the maiden, moved by love,
Repeats the words she's heard to-day,
And inn'cent[5] as the tender[6] dove,
Believes in all her love does say.
'Tis now that crime, with stealthy foot,
Creeps[7] o'er this sinning world of woe;
'Tis now that chimneys[8] grimed with soot,
Look down upon the embers' glow,
And say "good night" to smoke's blue streams,
Which through the day their course pursue
In varied shapes, like phantom dreams,[9]
That never turn out true.
And now the moon is dimmed[10] with clouds,

The air is filled with damps,
Which, thickening in whitened [11] shrouds,
Surround the nightly [12] lamps.
The city stands [13] a lonesome [14] thing,
Where, not long since, a busy [15] crowd
Its shadows here and there did fling,
And filled the earth [16] with noises loud.[17]

[1] Sublime announcement, 'Tis night! [2] Not in any invidious sense of distinction between men, but men in common. [3] Beautiful personification with dim eyes. [4] Simple and true to nature. [5] Not that pigeons are more innocent *per se* than other animals, but an acknowledged type of innocence. [6] Nor universally "tender," having been sometimes found tough. [7] "Crime creeps"—beautiful specimen of alliteration. [8] Pathetic personification of chimneys—vivid picture of the same looking sentimental. [9] For the aerial nature of "smoke," *vide* Natural Philosophy. [10] Its light sometimes *entirely* "put out." Query, whether clouds contain carbon? [11] Funereal impression of lamps in a fog, shrouds generally white, not red, green, blue, violet, indigo, yellow, orange-color, nor, I would humbly add, black. [12] Lamps not always "nightly," "as lamp of day," "miner's lamp," &c. [13] *I. e.*, not in ruins. [14] Shuddering sensation of loneliness. [15] Various avocations of man. [16] Poetic license, whole taken for a part. [17] Noises usually "loud," sometimes not so much so—beautiful contrast between the "loud noises" made by a crowd, and the quiet fall of its shadows. Generally—the three lines ending in "true," "damps," and "lamps" being each a foot too short—*object*, to relieve the monotony of the poem.

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